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Les Bijoux Indiscrets.

OR, THE
Indiscreet Toys.

Translated from the
CONGESE LANGUAGE

Printed at MONOMOTAPPA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Adorned with Copper-Plates.

VOL. I.

T O B A G O:

Re-printed for *Pierrot Ragout*, with the
Approbation of *M——l S——xe*,
MDCCXLIX.

And sold by R. FREEMAN, near *St. Paul's*;
and at all the Booksellers.

For the year 1815

1815

Inditcted Toys

The year 1815

CONFER LANGE

1815

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1815



T O

*Z I M A.**Z I M A*, embrace the moment.

The Aga *Narkis* entertains your mother, and your governess is upon the watch in a balcony for your father's return : take, read, fear nothing. But even tho' the *Bijoux indiscrets* should be found behind your toilet, do you think it would be a matter of wonder ? No, *Zima*, no ; it is well known, that the *Sopha*, the *Tanzai*, and the *Confessions* have

A 2

been

been under your pillow. Do you hesitate still? Know then, that *Aglaé* has not disdained to set her hand to the work, which you blush to accept. “ *Aglaé*, say “ you, the sober *Aglaé* ! ” — The same. While *Zima* was straying with, or perhaps contriving how to get rid of the young *Bonza Al-leluia* ; *Aglaé* amused herself innocently, by relating to me the adventures of *Zaide*, *Alphana*, *Fannia*, &c — furnished me with the few strokes, which please me in the history of *Mangogul*, revised it, and pointed me out the means of making it better : for if *Aglaé* is one of the most virtuous and least edifying women in *Congo* ; she is likewise one of the least jealous of wit, and one
of

of the most witty. Can *Zima* now think, that it becomes her to play the scrupulous? Once more, *Zima*, take, read, read all; even without excepting the narrative of the *Rambling Toy*, which may be interpreted to you, without any expence to your virtue, provided the interpreter be neither your spiritual director nor your lover.



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T H E







THE
Indiscreet Toys.



CHAP. I.

Birth of Mangogul.

 *Iaouf Zeles Tanzai* had already reigned long in great *Checkianea*; and this voluptuous prince still continued to be the delight of his subjects. *Acajou* king of *Minutia* had undergone the fate predicted by his father: *Zulmis* was no more: the Count *De——* was still living: *Splendidus*, *Angola*, *Misapouf*, and some other potentates of
B the

the *Indies* and *Asia* were carried off by sudden deaths. The people tired of obeying weak sovereigns, had shaken off the yoke of their posterity ; and the descendants of those unfortunate monarchs rambled unknown, or not regarded, in the provinces of their empires. The grandson of the illustrious *Scheherazad* was the only one who maintain'd his throne : and he was obeyed in *Indostan* by the name of *Schach Baam*, at the time when *Mangogul* was born in *Congo*. Thus it appears, that the death of several sovereigns was the mournful epoch of his birth.

His father *Erguebzed* did not summon the Fairies round the cradle of his son ; because he had observed, that most of the princes of his time, who had been educated by these female intelligences, were no better than fools. He contented himself
with

with ordering his nativity to be calculated by one *Codindo*, a person fitter for a portrait than an acquaintance.

Codindo, was head of the college of Soothsayers at *Banza*, the ancient capital of the empire. *Erguebzed* had settled a large pension on him, and had granted to him and his descendants, on account of the merit of their great uncle, who was an excellent cook, a magnificent castle on the frontiers of *Congo*. *Codindo* was appointed to observe the flight of birds, and the state of the heavens, and to make a report thereof at court: which office he executed very indifferently. If it be true, that they had at *Banza* the best theatrical pieces, and the worst play-houses in all *Africa*; in return they had the most beautiful college in the world, and the most wretched predictions.

Codindo, informed of the business for which he was summoned to *Erguebzed's* palace, set out much embarrassed ; for the poor man could no more read the stars than you or I. He was expected with impatience. The principal lords of the court were assembled in the apartment of the great Sultana. The ladies, magnificently dress'd, stood round the infant's cradle. The courtiers were hurrying to congratulate with *Erguebzed* on the great things, which he was undoubtedly on the point of hearing concerning his son. *Erguebzed* was a father, and thought it quite natural, to discern in the uniform'd lines of an infant, what he was to be. In fine, *Codindo* arrived. “ Draw
 “ near, says *Erguebzed* to him : as
 “ soon as heaven had granted me
 “ the prince before you, I ordered
 “ the instant of his birth to be ex-
 “ actly

“ actly registered, and without doubt
 “ you have been informed of it.
 “ Speak sincerely to your Master,
 “ and tell him boldly the destiny
 “ which heaven has reserved for his
 “ Son.”

Most magnanimous Sultan, answered *Codindo*, the prince, born of parents equally illustrious and happy, can have no other than a great and fortunate destiny : but I should impose on your highness, if I plumed myself with a science which I do not possess. The stars rise and set for me as for the rest of mankind ; and I am not more enlightened in futurity by their means, than the most ignorant of your subjects.

“ But, replied the Sultan, are you not an astrologer ? ” Magnanimous prince, answered *Codindo*, I have not that honour.

“ What the devil are you then,

“ says the old, but passionate *Ergueb-*
 “ *zed*? An *Aruspex*! By the hea-
 “ vens I did not imagine, that you
 “ had so much as thought of it.
 “ Believe me, Seigneur *Codindo*,
 “ suffer your poultry to feed in quiet,
 “ and pronounce on the fate of my
 “ son, as you lately did on the cold
 “ of my wife’s parrot”.

Codindo immediately drew a glass
 out of his pocket, took the infant’s
 left ear, rubb’d his eyes, turn’d his
 spectacles again and again, peep’d at
 that ear, did the like to the right ear,
 and pronounced, “ that the young
 “ prince’s reign would be happy, if it
 “ proved long.”

“ I understand you, replied *Er-*
 “ *guebzed*: my son will do the finest
 “ things in the world, if he has time.
 “ But, zounds! what I want to have
 “ told me is, that he will have time.
 “ What matter is it to me, after he
 “ is

“ is dead, that he would have been
 “ the greatest prince upon earth, had
 “ he lived. I have sent for you to
 “ cast my son’s horoscope, and you
 “ make me his funeral oration.”

Codindo assured the prince, that he was sorry he was not more knowing; but beseeched his highness to consider, that his knowledge was sufficient for the little time he had been a conjurer. In effect, the moment before, what was *Codindo* ?

C H A P. II.

Education of Mangogul.

I Will pass lightly over *Mangogul*’s first years. The infancy of princes is the same with that of the rest of mankind; with this difference, however, that princes have the gift of saying a thousand pretty things, before they can speak. Thus before

Erguebzed's son was full four years old, he furnished matter for a volume of *Mangogulana*. *Erguebzed*, who was a man of sense, and was resolved that his son's education should not be so much neglected as his own had been, sent betimes for all the great men in *Congo* ; as, painters, philosophers, poets, musicians, architects, masters of dancing, mathematicks, history, fencing, &c. Thanks to the happy dispositions of *Mangogul*, and to the constant lessons of his masters, he was ignorant in nothing of what a young prince is wont to learn the first fifteen years of his life ; and at the age of twenty he could eat, drink, and sleep, as completely as any potentate of his age.

Erguebzed, whose weight of years began to make him feel the weight of his crown, tired with holding the reins of the empire, frightened at the disturbances

ances which threatened it, full of confidence in the superior qualifications of *Mangogul*, and urged by sentiments of religion, sure prognostics of the approaching death or imbecility of the great, descended from the throne, to seat his son thereon : and this good prince thought he was under an obligation of expiating, by a retirement, the crimes of the most just administration, of which there is any account in the annals of *Congo*.

Thus it was, that in the year of the world 15,000,000,032,000,021, of the empire of *Congo* 390,000,070,003, began the reign of *Mangogul*, the 1,234,500 of his race in a direct line. Frequent conferences with his ministers, wars carried on, and the management of affairs, taught him in a very short time what remained for him to know at getting out of the hands of his pedagogues ; and that was so newhat.

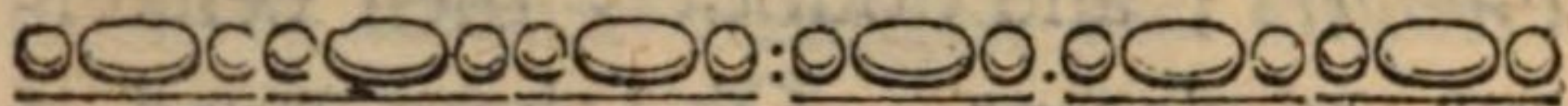
However, in less than ten years *Mangogul* acquired the reputation of a great man. He gained battles, stormed towns, enlarged his empire, quieted his provinces, repaired the disorder of his finances, restored arts and sciences, raised edifices, immortalized himself by useful establishments, strengthened and corrected the legislative power, even founded academies ; and, what his university could never comprehend, he executed all these great things, without knowing one word of *Latin*.

Mangogul was not less amiable in his Seraglio than great on the throne. He did not take it into his head to regulate his conduct by the ridiculous customs of his country. He broke the gates of the palaces inhabited by his women ; he drove out those injurious guards of their virtue ; he prudently confided in themselves
for

for their fidelity: the entrance into their apartments was as free for men as into those of the canoneſſes of *Flanders*; and doubtleſs their behaviour as decent. Oh! how good a Sultan he was! There never was his equal, but in ſome *French* romance. He was mild, affable, chearful, gallant, of a charming figure, a lover of pleaſures, cut out for them, and contained more wit and ſenſe in his head, than had been in thoſe of all his predeceſſors put together.

'Tis eaſy to judge that, with ſuch uncommon merit, a number of the ſex aſpired to make him their conqueſt: Some few ſucceeded. Thoſe who miſs'd his heart, endeavour'd to conſole themſelves with the grandees of the court. Young *Mirzoza* was of the number of the former. I ſhall not amuſe myſelf with detailing the qualities and charms of *Mirzoza*:

the work would be without end, and I am resolved that this history shall have one.



C H A P. III.

Which may be regarded as the first of this history.

MIrzoza had already fixed *Mangogul* for some years. These lovers had said, and a thousand times repeated, all that a violent passion suggests to persons who have the most wit. They were got as far as confidences, and they would impute it to themselves as a crime, to conceal the most minute circumstance of their lives from each other. These singular suppositions, “ If heaven, which
 “ has placed me on the throne, had
 “ given me an obscure low birth, would
 “ you have deign’d to descend down to
 “ me,

“ me, would *Mirzoza* have crown’d
 “ me ? Should *Mirzoza* happen to
 “ lose the few charms which she is
 “ thought to have, would *Mangogul*
 “ love her still ? ” These supposi-
 tions, I say, which exercise the fancy
 of ingenious lovers, which some-
 times make tender lovers quarrel,
 and frequently oblige the most sincere
 lovers to tell untruths, were quite
 worn out between our pair.

The favorite, who possess’d in a
 supreme degree, the necessary and
 uncommon talent of making a good
 narrative, had drained the scandalous
 history of *Banza*. As she had not
 the best constitution, she was not al-
 ways disposed to receive the Sultan’s
 caresses, nor he always in the humour
 of offering them. In short, there
 were some days, in which *Mangogul*
 and *Mirzoza* had little to say, hardly
 any thing to do, and in which, with-
 out

out any dimunition of love, they amused themselves but indifferently. Those days were rare indeed, but there were some ; and this was one of them.

The Sultan was carelessly stretch'd on a sopha, opposite to the favorite, who was knotting in silence. The weather did not permit them to take a walk. *Mangogul* would not venture to propose a party of piquet ; and this posture had lasted near a quarter of an hour, when the Sultan, yawning several times, said, “ It must be allowed, that *Geliotta* sung like an angel.” And that your highness is tired to death, answered the favorite. “ No, Madam, replied *Mangogul*, endeavouring to smother a yawn, the minute that one sees you, is not that of tiresomeness.” If that is not a polite compliment, 'tis no body's fault but your own,

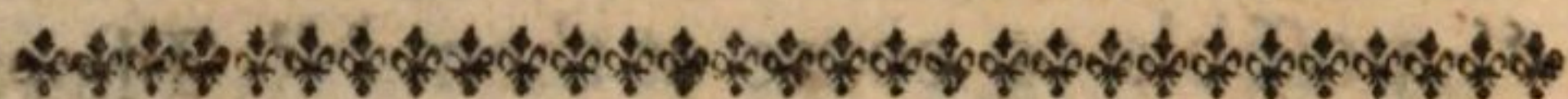
own, rejoin'd *Mirzoza*: but you ponder, you are absent, you yawn. Prince, what ails you? "I know
 "not, said the Sultan." But I guess, continued the favorite. I was eighteen, when I had the good fortune to please you. It is full four years since you began to love me. Eighteen and four make twenty-two. Therefore I am now very old. *Mangogul* smiled at this calculation. But if I am no longer worth any thing for pleasure, added *Mirzoza*, I will at least demonstrate that I am very good for advice. The variety of amusements which attend you, has not been able to secure you against disgust. You are disgusted. Prince, there is your disease. "I do not allow, that you
 "have hit it off, says *Mangogul*:
 "but supposing you have, do you know a remedy?" *Mirzoza* answered the Sultan, after a moment's pause, that

that his highness seem'd to take so much pleasure at the narratives she made him of the gallantries of the town, that she was sorry she had no more to relate to him, or that she was not better informed of those of the court ; that she would have tried that expedient, till she thought of somewhat better. “ I think it a good one, “ says *Mangogul* : But who knows “ the stories of all those fools ; and “ tho’ they were known to any, who “ could relate them like you ? ” Let us learn them however, replied *Mir-zoza*. Whosoever it be that tells them, I am certain that your highness will gain more by the matter, than you will lose by the form. “ I shall “ join with you, if you please, in “ fancying the adventures of the “ court ladies very diverting, says “ *Mangogul* : but tho’ they were “ to be a hundred times more so, “ what

“ what does that avail, if it be im-
 “ possible to come at them ? ” There
 may be a difficulty in it, answers *Mir-*
zoza, but in my opinion, that is all.
 The Genius *Cucufa*, your relation and
 friend, has done greater things. Why
 do you not consult him ? “ Ah, joy
 “ of my heart, cried the Sultan ! you
 “ are an admirable Creature. I make
 “ no doubt but the Genius will em-
 “ ploy all his power in my favour.
 “ This moment I shut myself up in
 “ my closet, and invoke him.”

Accordingly *Mangogul* arose, kissed
 the favorite on the left eye, pursuant
 to the custom of *Congo*, and departed.

CHAP.



C H A P. IV.

Evocation of the Genius.

THE Genius *Cucufa* is an old hypochondriac, who fearing lest the concerns of the world, and dealings with the rest of the genii, might prove an obstacle to his salvation, took refuge in the Void ; in order to employ himself quite at leisure on the infinite perfections of the great *Pagoda*, to pinch, scratch and make notches in his flesh, to fret himself into madness, and starve himself to death. In that place he lies on a straw mat, his body tuck'd up in a sack, his flanks squeez'd with a cord, his arms crossed on his breast, and his head sunk into a hood, which suffers nothing to issue but the end of his beard. He sleeps,
but

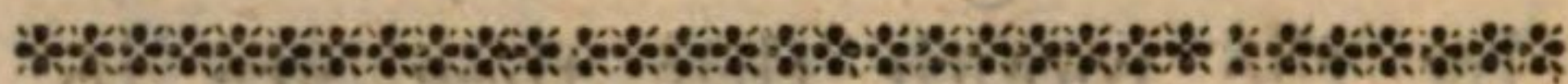


but one would think him in contemplation. All his company is an owl which nods at his feet, some rats which gnaw his mat, and bats which hover round his head. The manner of evoking him, is, by repeating, to the found of a bell, the first verse of the nocturnal office of the *Bramins*: then he lifts up his hood, rubs his eyes, puts on his sandals, and sets out. Figure to yourself an old Camaldolian Monk carried in the air by two large horn-owls, which he holds by the legs. In this equipage it was, that *Cucufa* appear'd to the Sultan. “ May the blessing of *Brama* be within these walls, says he, bowing.” Amen, answered the prince. “ What do you want, my son?” A very small matter, says *Mangogul*; to procure me some pleasure at the expence of the court ladies. “ Oh, my son! ” replied *Cucufa*, you have a larger appetite

“ petite than a whole monastery of
 “ *Bramins*. What do you pretend to
 “ do with this troop of extravagants ?”
 To learn from themselves their present
 and past adventures, that is all. “ But
 “ that is impossible, says the Genius.
 “ To have women confess their ad-
 “ ventures, is a thing that never was,
 “ nor ever will be.” Yet it must be,
 added the Sultan. At these words, the
 Genius scratching his ear, and comb-
 ing his long beard with his fingers,
 fell to thinking. His meditation was
 short. “ My child, said he to *Man-*
gogul, “ I love you, you shall be sa-
 “ tisfied.” Instantly he plunged his
 right hand into a deep pocket made
 under his arm-pit on the left side of
 his frock, and, together with images,
 blest’d beads, little leaden pagoda’s,
 and musty sweatmeats, drew out a sil-
 ver ring, which *Mangogul* at first took
 for one of St. *Hubert*’s rings. “ You
 “ see

“ see this ring, said he to the Sultan,
 “ put it on your finger, my child :
 “ every woman, at whom you shall
 “ level the stone, will relate her in-
 “ trigues in a plain, audible voice.
 “ Do not imagine however, that ’tis
 “ by the mouth that they are to
 “ speak ?” By what then will they
 speak, says *Mangogul* ? “ By the
 “ frankest part about them, and the
 “ best instructed in those things which
 “ you desire to know, says *Cucufa* ;
 “ by their Toys.” By their Toys, re-
 plies *Mangogul* bursting into laughter ;
 that is particular. Talking Toys !
 That is an unheard extravagance.
 “ My son, said the Genius, I have
 “ performed many greater prodigies
 “ for your grandfather : therefore
 “ depend on my word. Go, and
 “ may *Brama* bless you. Make a
 “ good use of your secret, and re-
 “ member that there are ill-placed
 “ cu-

“curiosities.” This said, the old hypocrite nodded his head, pull’d his hood over his face, took his horn-owls by the legs, and vanish’d in the air.



C H A P. V.

Mangogul's dangerous Temptation.

Scarcely was *Mangogul* in possession of *Cucufa's* mysterious ring, when he was tempted to make the first trial of it on the favorite. I forgot to mention, that besides the vertue of obliging the Toys of those women, on whom he turn'd the stone, to speak, it had that also of rendering the person invisible, who wore it on the little finger. Thus could *Mangogul* transport himself in the twinkling of an eye to a thousand places where he was
not

not expected, and with his own eyes see many things, which are frequently transacted without witnesses. He had nothing more to do than to put on his ring, and say I desire to be in such a place, and he was there in an instant. Behold him then in *Mirzoza's* bed-chamber.

Mirzoza, who gave over all hopes of the Sultan's company, was in bed. *Mangogul* approach'd her pillow softly, and saw by the glimmering light of a night taper, that she was asleep.

“ Good, say he, she sleeps, let us
 “ quickly shift the ring on another
 “ finger, resume our natural shape,
 “ turn the stone on this fair sleeper,
 “ and awake her Toy a little while.---
 “ But what stops me? --- I tremble.---
 “ Is it possible that *Mirzoza*? --- No,
 “ it is not possible, *Mirzoza* is faith-
 “ ful to me. Fly from me, inju-
 “ rious suspicions, I will not, I ought
 “ not

“not to heed ye.” He said, and put his fingers on the ring: but taking them off as hastily as if it had been fire, he cried within himself.

“What do I do, wretched man! I

“insult *Cucufa*’s advice. For the

“fate of satisfying a silly curiosity,

“I am going to run the hazard of

“losing my mistress and my life. If

“her Toy should be in the humor

“of talking extravagantly, I should

“never see her more, and I should

“dye of grief. And who knows

“what a Toy may have in its soul?”

Mangogul’s agitation made him in some measure forget himself: he pronounced these last words pretty loud, and the favorite awoke. “Ah,

“Prince, said she, less surprized than

“charmed at his presence, you are

“here. Why did you not send me

“notice? Must you condescend to

“wait for my awaking?”

Man-

Mangogul answered the favorite by relating the success of his interview with *Cucufa*, shew'd her the ring, and did not conceal one of its properties from her. " Ah! what a diabolical
 " secret has he given you, cry'd
 " *Mirzoza*! But pray, Prince, do
 " you intend to make any use of it." How, said the Sultan, do I intend to use it? I shall begin by you, if you argue with me. At these terrible words the favorite turn'd pale, trembled, recover'd herself, and conjured the Sultan by *Brama*, and all the Pagoda's of the *Indies* and *Congo*, not to try the experiment on her of a secret power, which indicated a diffidence of her fidelity. " If I have
 " been constantly honest, continued
 " she, my Toy will not speak a word,
 " and you will have done me such an
 " injury as I shall never forgive. If
 " it happens to speak, I shall lose
 C " your

“ your esteem and heart, and that will
 “ make you run distracted. Hitherto
 “ you have, in my opinion, found
 “ your account in our connection ;
 “ why would you run the risk of
 “ breaking it off? Prince, believe
 “ me. Follow the advice of the
 “ Genius ; he has had great expe-
 “ rience, and advices of Genius are
 “ always good to follow.”

This is exactly what I was saying
 to myself, answered *Mangogul*, when
 you awoke. And yet if you had
 slept two minutes longer, I cannot
 answer for what might have hap-
 pened.

“ What would have happened,
 “ says *Mirzoza*, is, that my Toy
 “ would have given you no informa-
 “ tion, and that you would have lost
 “ me for ever.”

That may be, replied *Mangogul* ;
 but now that I have a full view of the
 danger

danger which I incurred, I solemnly swear to you by the eternal *Pagoda*, that you shall be excepted from the number of those, on whom I shall turn the ring.

At these words *Mirzoza* brightened up, and fell to joking at the expence of the Toys which the Prince should hereafter interrogate. “ *Cydalis*’s

“ Toy, said she, has many stories to

“ tell, and if it be as indiscreet as its

“ mistress, it will not require much

“ intreaty. *Haria*’s Toy is no longer

“ of this world, and your highness

“ will obtain no tales from it of

“ fresher date than the days of my

“ grandmother. As for that of *Glauce*,

“ I believe it is a proper one to be

“ consulted. She is a coquet and

“ pretty.” And for that reason pre-

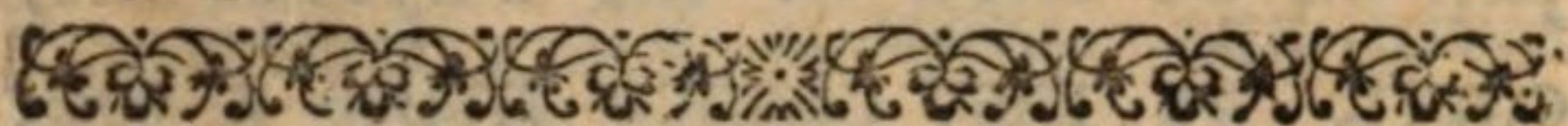
cisely it is, replied the Sultan, that

her Toy will be mute. “ Why then,

“ said the Sultana, apply to that of

“ *Pbedima*, she is ugly, and loves
 “ gallantry.” Yes, continued the
 Sultan; and so ugly, that one must
 be as ill-natured as you, to accuse her
 of gallantry. *Pbedima* is sober; ’tis
 I who say it, and who know some-
 thing of the matter. “ As sober as
 “ you please, replied the favorite,
 “ but she has a sort of grey eyes that
 “ speak the contrary.” Her eyes be-
 lye her, said the Sultan warmly. You
 tire my patience with your *Pbedima*.
 Might not one say, that there is no
 other Toy but this to examine. “ But
 “ may I presume, without offending
 “ your highness, added *Mirzoza*, to
 “ ask which is the first you intend to
 “ honour with your choice.” We
 shall see anon, said *Mangogul*, in the
 circle of the *Manimonbanda*, (the
 Congese name of the great Sultana.)
 We shall have a good deal of work
 upon our hands; and when we hap-
 pen

pen to be tired of the Toys of my court, we may chance make a tour thro' *Banza*. Possibly we may find those of the city women more reasonable than those of dutcheffes. " Prince, " said *Mirzoza*, I have some acquaintance with the former, and " can assure you, that they are only " more circumspect." We shall soon hear from them: but I cannot refrain from laughter, continued *Mangogul*, when I think on the confusion and surprize of these women at the first words of their Toys, ha, ha, ha! Remember, delight of my soul, that I shall expect you at the great Sultana's, and that I shall make no use of my ring till you are come. " Prince, " said *Mirzoza*, I rely on the promise you have made me." *Mangogul* smiled at her allarm, reiterated his promise, sealed them with kisses, and retired.



C H A P. VI.

First Trial of the Ring.

A L C I N A.

*M*Angogul arrived before her at the great Sultana's, and found all the ladies very busy at cards. He survey'd all those, whose reputation was established, fully resolved to try his ring on one of them, and his only difficulty was in the choice. While he was in suspense by whom to begin, he spied a young lady of the household of the *Manimonbanda* in a window. She was toying with her husband ; which appear'd singular to the Sultan, inasmuch as they had been married above eight days. They had made their appearance in the same box at the Opera, in the same coach at the *Bois de Boulogne*,
they

they had finished their visits ; and the fashion of the times exempted them from loving or even meeting each other. “ If this Toy, says *Mangogul*, is as silly as its mistress, we shall have a diverting soliloquy.” At this instant the favorite appear’d. “ Welcome, said the Sultan to her in a whisper. I have cast my lead, waiting for you.” And on whom, ask’d *Mirzoza* ? “ On that couple which you see sporting in that window, answer’d *Mangogul* with a wink.” Well set out, replied the favorite.

Alcina, for that was the young lady’s name, was sprightly and pretty. The Sultan’s court had few women more amiable, and not one of a gay-er disposition. One of the Sultan’s Emirs had filled his head with her. He was not left in ignorance of what the chronicle had published concern-
C 4 ing

ing *Alcina*: the report alarm'd him, but he followed the custom: he consulted his mistress about it. *Alcina* swore, that it was pure calumny invented by some coxcombs, who would have been silent, if they had had any reason for talking; but however, that there was no harm done, and that he was at full liberty to believe it or not, as he thought proper. This answer, delivered with an air of confidence, convinced the amorous Emir of his mistress's innocence. He closed the affair, and assumed the title of *Alcina's* husband with all its prerogatives.

The Sultan levell'd his ring at her. A loud burst of laughter, which seized *Alcina* at some comical saying of her husband, was suddenly cut short by the operation of the ring; and immediately a murmuring noise was heard under her petticoats.

“ Well,

“ Well, now I am titled. Truly I am
 “ glad on’t. Nothing like having a
 “ rank. “ If my first advices had
 “ been heeded, I should have been
 “ provided with something better
 “ than an Emir: but yet an Emir is
 “ better than nothing.” At these
 words all the ladies quitted the game,
 to seek from what quarter the voice
 issued. This movement made a
 great noise. “ Silence, says *Mango-*
 “ *gul*, this deserves attention.” They
 obeyed, and the Toy continued.
 “ One would be apt to think, that a.
 “ husband is a guest of great im-
 “ portance, by the precautions which
 “ are taken to receive him. What
 “ preparatives! What profusion of
 “ myrtle water! Another fortnight
 “ of this regimen would have de-
 “ molished me. I had disappear’d,
 “ and the Emir might have sought
 “ lodgings elsewhere, or have ship-

“ped me off for the island *Jonquille*.”
 Here my author says, that all the ladies
 grew pale, look’d at each other in deep
 silence, and grew vastly serious ;
 which he ascribes to their fear, lest the
 conversation should grow warm, and
 become general. “ Yet, continued
 “ *Alcina’s* Toy, in my opinion the
 “ Emir did neither require nor stand
 “ in need of so many formalities :
 “ but I must still acknowledge the
 “ prudence of my mistress. She
 “ guarded against the worst, and I
 “ was treated for the great lord as for
 “ his little page.”

The Toy was on the point of
 continuing its extavagant harangue,
 when the Sultan, observing that this
 strange scene shock’d the modest
Manimonbanda, interrupted the ora-
 tor by turning off the ring. The
 Emir had vanish’d at the first words
 of his wife’s Toy. *Alcina*, without
 be-

being disconcerted, pretended to take a nap : mean while the ladies whispered that she had the vapours.

“ Yes, says a *Petit-maitre*, —— Va-

“ pours : *Cb*——y calls them hy-

“ sterics, as much as to say, things

“ which come from the lower region.

“ For this case he has a divine elixir ;

“ it is a principle, principiating,

“ principiated, which revives——

“ which——I will propose it to the

“ lady.” The company laugh’d at

this gibberish, and our Cynic resum-

ed. “ Nothing more true, ladies : I,

“ who speak, have used it for a de-

“ perdition of substance.” A deper-

dition of substance, good marquiss,

said a young person, pray what is

that ? “ Madam, replied the mar-

“ quiss, it is one of those casual ac-

“ cidents which happen—— but

“ every body knows it.”

By this time the pretended drowziness went off. *Alcina* sat down to play with as much intrepidity as if her Toy either had not spoken a word, or had made the finest speech in the world. Nay, she was the only lady that play'd without distraction. This sitting was worth a considerable sum to her. The rest did not know what they were about, could not count the dots on the cards, forgot their reckonings, neglected their good luck, dealt wrong, and committed a hundred other mistakes, of which *Alcina* took the advantage. In fine, they broke up play, and every one withdrew.

This adventure made great noise not only at court and in town, but all over *Congo*. Epigrams were handed about on it. The discourse of *Alcina's* Toy was published, revised, corrected, enlarged and commented by the Agreeables of the court. The
Emir

Emir was lampoon'd, and his wife immortalized. She was pointed at in the play-house, and followed in the public walks. People flock'd about her, and she heard them buzzing: "Yes, 'tis she: her Toy made a discourse two hours long." *Alcina* bore her new reputation with admirable tranquillity. She listened to these expressions, and many more, with a serenity, which the rest of the women could not shew. They were every moment under apprehensions of some indiscretions being committed by their Toys: but the adventure of the following chapter compleated their confusion.

As soon as the company had broke up, *Mangogul* gave his hand to the favorite, and conducted her to her apartment. She was far from having that lively chearful air, which seldom quitted her. She had lost considerably
at

at play, and the effect of the dreadful ring had plunged her into a pensiveness, out of which she was not yet thoroughly recovered. She knew the Sultan's curiosity, and she had not sufficient confidence in the promises of a man less amorous than despotic, to be free from uneasiness.

“What ails you, my soul's delight,
“said *Mangogul*? You are pensive.”

I played with bad luck without example, answered *Mirzoza*. I lost the possibility. I had twelve *tableaux*, and I don't think I mark'd three times. “That is vexatious, replied
“*Mangogul*; but what think you of
“my secret?” Prince, said the favorite, I persist in deeming it diabolical. Doubtless it will amuse you, but that amusement will be attended with dismal consequences. You are going to spread discord in every family, undeceive husbands, throw lovers

vers into despair, ruin wives, disho-
 nour daughters, and raise a thousand
 other hurly-burlys. Ah! Prince, I
 conjure you.—“ By the light, said
 “ *Mangogul*, you moralize like *Nicole*!
 “ I would be glad to know why the
 “ concern for your neighbour touches
 “ you so to the quick. No, no,
 “ madam; I will keep my ring.
 “ And what do I matter those huf-
 “ bands undeceived, those lovers
 “ thrown into despair, those wives
 “ ruined, those daughters dishonour-
 “ ed, provided I amuse myself. Am
 “ I then a Sultan for nothing? Good
 “ night, madam, we must hope
 “ that future sceries will be more co-
 “ mic than the first, and that you
 “ will take more pleasure in them by
 “ degrees.” I do not believe it, sir,
 replied *Mirzoza*. “ And for my
 “ part, I promise you, that you
 “ will find pleasant Toys, nay, so
 “ plea-

“ pleasant, that you cannot refuse
 “ giving them audience. And what
 “ would you do, if I sent them to you
 “ in quality of ambassadors ? I will,
 “ if you desire it, spare you the
 “ trouble of their harangues ; but
 “ as to the recital of their adven-
 “ tures, you shall hear it either from
 “ their own mouths or mine. ’Tis a
 “ determined point ; and I can abate
 “ nothing of it. Resolve to fami-
 “ liarize yourself with these new
 “ speech-makers.” At these words
 he embraced her, and went into his
 closet, reflecting on the trial he had
 made, and devoutly thanking the Ge-
 nius *Cucufa*.

C H A P.



C H A P. VII.

Second trial of the Ring.

The ALTARS.

THE next evening there was to be a private supper in *Mirzoza's* apartment. The persons invited came early. Before the prodigy of the preceding day, people came by inclination; this night they came purely out of politeness. All the ladies had an air of constraint, and spoke in monosyllables. They were upon the watch, and expected every moment, that some Toy would join in conversation. Notwithstanding their itch of bringing *Alcina's* odd adventure on the carpet, none of them dared to undertake opening the topic. Not that they were restrained by her pre-

presence: tho' included in the supper-list, she did not appear; it was judged that she had a swimming in her head. However, whether it was that they became less apprehensive of danger, as the whole day long they had heard no body speak but from the mouth; or whether they affected to appear courageous, the conversation revived, the women most suspected composed their countenances, put on an air of assurance, and *Mirzoza* ask'd the courtier *Zegris*, if he knew any entertaining news. “ Ma-
 “ dam, replied *Zegris*, you have
 “ been informed of a match between
 “ the *Aga Chazour* and young *Sibe-*
 “ *rina*: I assure you it is broke off.”
 Upon what account, interrupted the favorite? “ On account of a strange
 “ voice, continued *Zegris*, which
 “ *Chazour* says he heard at the toilet
 “ of his princess. Since yesterday, the
 “ Su-

“ Sultan’s court is full of people, who
 “ go with their ears cock’d, in hopes
 “ of catching, I can’t say how, such
 “ declarations, as most certainly the
 “ persons concerned have no inclina-
 “ tion to make them.”

That is silly, replied the favorite.
Alcina’s misfortune, if it be one, is
 far from being averred. We have
 not got to the bottom——

“ Madam, interrupted *Zelmaida*,
 “ I have heard her most distinctly.
 “ She spoke without opening her
 “ mouth. The facts were well arti-
 “ culated, and it was not very diffi-
 “ cult to guess whence this extraor-
 “ dinary sound issued. I assure you,
 “ that I should have died, were I in
 “ her place.”

Died! replied *Zegris*. Folks sur-
 vive other sorts of accidents. “ How,
 “ cried *Zelmaida*? Can there be a
 “ more dreadful one than the indis-
 “ cretion

“ cretion of a Toy ? Well, there is
 “ no medium left. One must either
 “ renounce gallantry, or resolve to
 “ pass for a woman of pleasure.” In-
 deed, said *Mirzoza*, the option is
 severe. “ No, no, madam, replied
 “ another lady, you will see that wo-
 “ men will fix their resolution. They
 “ will allow Toys to prate as much
 “ as they please ; and will go their
 “ own way, without troubling them-
 “ selves with what the world shall
 “ say. And after all, what does it
 “ signify, whether it be a woman’s
 “ Toy or her lover that proves indis-
 “ creet ? Are things less exposed ?”

Upon a serious consideration of
 the whole affair, continued a third, if
 a woman’s adventures must be di-
 vulged, ’tis better it should happen
 by her Toy than her lover.

The notion is singular, said the fa-
 vorite ; and true, replied she who
 had

had broach'd it : for, pray, observe that a lover is generally dissatisfied, before he becomes indiscreet, and therefore tempted to be revenged by exaggerating every thing : whereas a Toy talks without passion, and adds nothing to the truth.

“ For my part, said *Zelmaida*, I
 “ am not of that opinion. In this
 “ case it is not so much the impor-
 “ tance of the depositions, as the
 “ strength of the evidence, that ruins
 “ the criminal. A lover, who by his
 “ discourse dishonours the Altar, on
 “ which he has sacrificed, is a kind
 “ of impious person, who deserves
 “ no credit : but if the altar lifts up
 “ its voice, what answer can be
 “ made.”

That the altar knows not what it says, replied the second. *Monima*, hitherto mute, broke silence, in order to say in a dragging, lazy tone :

“ Ah !

“ Ah ! let my Altar, since you call it
 “ so, speak or be silent, I fear no-
 “ thing from its talk.”

Mangogul enter'd that very instant, and *Monima's* last words did not escape him. He levell'd his Ring at her, and her Toy was heard to cry out :
 “ Do not believe her, she lies.” Her female neighbours, gazing at each other, ask'd whose Toy it was that made this answer. 'Tis not mine, said *Zelmaida* ; nor mine, said another ; nor mine, said *Monima* ; nor mine, said the Sultan. Every one, and the favorite among the rest, persisted in the negative.

The Sultan, taking the advantage of this incertainty, and addressing the ladies, said : “ You have Altars then ?
 “ Pray, how are they feasted ? ” As he was speaking, he nimbly turn'd his Ring successively on all the women except *Mirzoza* ; and every one
 of

of their Toys answering in its turn, these words were heard in different tones. “ I am frequented, batter’d, “ abandon’d, perfum’d, fatigu’d, ill “ ferv’d, disgusted, &c.” They all spoke their word, but so precipitately, that no just application could be made. Their jargon, sometimes rumbling, sometimes yelping, accompanied with loud laughs of *Mangogul* and his courtiers, made a noise of a new kind. The ladies agreed with a very grave air, that it was very diverting. “ How, said the Sultan, sure we “ are too happy, that the Toys deign “ to speak our language, and furnish “ half the expence of the conversa- “ tion. Society must be a consider- “ able gainer by this duplication of “ organs. Possibly we men shall “ speak also in our turn, by something “ else besides our mouths. Who “ knows? What agrees so perfectly “ well

“ well with Toys, may happen to be
 “ destin’d to make questions and re-
 “ sponſes to them : nevertheleſs my
 “ anatomift is of a different opinion.”



C H A P. VIII.

Third trial of the Ring.

The PRIVATE SUPPER.

SUPPER was ſerved up, the company ſate down at table, and at firſt they diverted themſelves at *Monima*’s charge : all the women unanimoſly agreed that her Toy had ſpoke firſt ; and ſhe muſt have ſunk under this confederacy, had not the Sultan taken her part. “ I do not
 “ pretend, ſaid he, that *Monima* is
 “ leſs gallant than *Zelmaida* ; but I be-
 “ lieve her Toy has more diſcretion.
 “ Beſides, when the mouth and Toy
 “ of

“ of a woman contradict each other,
 “ which to believe? ” Sir, replied a
 courtier, I know not what Toys will
 say hereafter ; but hitherto they have
 explain’d themselves on a subject,
 which is very familiar to them. As
 long as they shall have the prudence
 to speak of nothing but what they
 understand, I shall believe them as so
 many oracles. “ Others, said *Mir-*
 “ *zoza*, of greater authenticity might
 “ be consulted.” Pray, madam, replied
Mangogul, what interest can these have in
 disguising the truth ? Nothing but a
 chimera of honour could be their mo-
 tive : but a Toy has none of these
 chimeras. That is not the place of
 prejudices. “ A chimera of honour,
 “ said *Mirzoza*, prejudices ! If your
 “ highness had been exposed to the
 “ same inconveniences with us, you
 “ would become sensible, that what-
 “ ever touches virtue, is far from be-

“ing chimerical.” All the ladies, encouraged by the Sultana’s answer, insisted that it was superfluous to put them to certain proofs ; and *Mangogul*, that these proofs were generally dangerous at least.

This conversation ushered in the champagne : it moved briskly round, they plied it close, and it warmed the Toys. Then it was that *Mangogul* had intended to resume his frolicks. He turn’d his ring on a very gay sprightly young lady, who sat pretty near him, and directly opposite to her husband : and immediately issued from under the table a plaintive noise, a weak languishing voice, which said : “ Oh, how I am harraffed ! I can
 “ bear it no longer, I am at death’s
 “ door.” How, by the *Pagoda Pongo Sabiam*, cried *Husseim*, my wife’s Toy speaks, and what can it say ? We are going to hear, answered
 the

the Sultan.—“ Prince, you will
 “ permit me not to be of the number
 “ of its auditors, replied *Hussein*;
 “ for if any thing ridiculous drop’d
 “ from it, do you think?”——I
 think you are a fool, said the Sul-
 tan, to alarm yourself at the prattle
 of a Toy: do we not know a good
 part of what it can say, and may we
 not guess the rest? Sit down, then,
 and endeavour to divert yourself.

Hussein sat down, and his wife’s
 Toy began to prate like a magpye.
 “ Shall I eternally have this huge
 “ *Flandrian Valanto*? I have seen
 “ some who have made an end; but
 “ this man”—— At these words
Hussein arose in a fury, snatch’d up a
 knife, sprang to the other side of the
 table; and would have pierced his
 wife’s breast, if his neighbours had
 not prevented him. “ *Hussein*, said
 “ the Sultan, you make too much
 D 2 “ noise :

“ noise : the company cannot hear.
 “ Might not one say, that your wife’s
 “ Toy is the only one that has not
 “ common sense ? And what would
 “ become of these ladies, if their hus-
 “ bands were of your humour ? How !
 “ you are out of your wits for a piti-
 “ ful little adventure of one *Valanto*,
 “ who never made an end. Return
 “ to your seat, behave like a man
 “ of honour ; see that you watch
 “ yourself, and not commit a second
 “ failure before a prince, who admits
 “ you to his pleasures.”

While *Hussein*, stifling his rage,
 was leaning on the back of a chair,
 his eyes shut, and his hand on his fore-
 head ; the Sultan dexterously levell’d
 his Ring, and the Toy went on.
 “ *Valanto*’s young page would suit
 “ me pretty well : but I know not
 “ when he will begin. In the mean
 “ time till the one begins, and the
 “ other

“ other makes an end, I practise pa-
 “ tience with the *Bramin Egon*. He
 “ is a frightful figure, I must own :
 “ but his talent is to make an end
 “ and begin again. Oh, what a
 “ great man a *Bramin* is !”

By the time the Toy had got as far
 as this exclamation, *Husseim* blush'd
 to fret for a woman who was so un-
 worthy, and fell a laughing with the
 rest of the company ; but he kept
 something in reserve for his spouse.
 The entertainment being over, every
 one went home directly, except *Hus-*
seim, who conducted his wife into a
 house of veiled maidens, and there
 shut her up. *Mangogul* being inform'd
 of her disgrace paid her a visit. He
 found the whole community busy in
 comforting her, but still more in try-
 ing to get the secret of her exile from
 her. “ 'Tis for a mere trifle, said she,
 “ that I am here. Being last night at

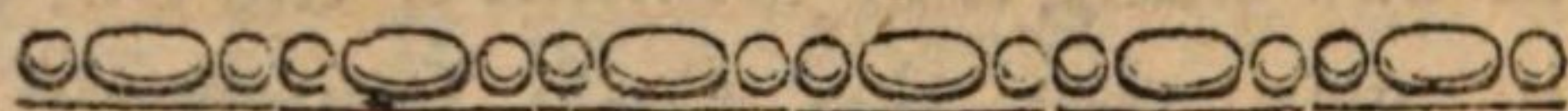
“ supper with the Sultan, the *Cham-*
 “ *pagne* was whip’d about, the *To-*
 “ *kay* gallop’d, people hardly knew
 “ what they said, when my Toy must
 “ needs fall to prating. I do not re-
 “ member on what subject it talk’d,
 “ but it made my husband take dud-
 “ geon.”

To be sure, Madam, he is in the
 wrong, replied the nuns: people
 ought not to put themselves into such
 passions for trifles! — How! your
 Toy has spoke. Pray does it speak
 still? How charm’d we should be to
 hear it! It must certainly express it-
 self with wit and a good grace. They
 were gratified: for the Sultan turn’d
 his ring on the poor recluse, and her
 Toy thank’d them for their civilities;
 protesting to them at the same time,
 that how pleas’d soever it was with
 their company, that of a *Bramin*
 would suit it better.

The

The Sultan embraced the opportunity, to learn some particulars of the life of these virgins. His Ring interrogated the Toy of a young recluse, whose name was *Cleantbis* ; and the pretended virgin-Toy confessed two gardeners, a *Bramin*, and three cavaliers ; and related how by the assistance of a purging draught and two bleedings, she had escaped giving scandal. *Zephirina* owned, by the organ of her Toy, that she was indebted to the errand-boy of the house, for the honourable title of mother. But one thing that astonish'd the Sultan, was, that tho' those sequester'd Toys expressed themselves in very indecent terms ; the virgins, to whom they belong'd, heard them without blushing : which made him conjecture, that if they failed of the practical part in those retreats, they had in return a large share of speculation.

In order to clear up this point, he turn'd his ring on a novice between fifteen and sixteen years of age. " *Flora*, said her Toy, has more " than once ogled a young officer " thro' the grate. I am certain that " she had an inclination for him. " Her little finger told me so." This was a mortifying stroke for *Flora*. The ancient ladies condemn'd her to two months silence and discipline ; and ordered prayers, that the Toys of the community might remain mute.



C H A P. IX.

*The state of the academy of sciences
at Banza.*

M*Angogul* had scarcely quitted the recluses, among whom I left him, when a report was spread thro'

thro' *Banza*, that the virgins of the congregation of *Brama's* Coccyx, spoke by their Toys. This report, to which *Husseim's* violent proceedings had given credit, rouzed the curiosity of the learned. The phænomenon was thoroughly examined and allowed: and the freethinkers began to seek in the properties of matter, the reasons of a fact, which they had at first deemed impossible. The tattle of the Toys gave birth to a great number of excellent works; and this important subject swell'd the collections of the academies with several memoirs, which may be esteemed the utmost efforts of human understanding.

In order to model and perpetuate that of *Banza*, invitations with suitable encouragement had been, and still continued to be, given to all persons of the brightest parts in *Congo*, *Monoémugi*, *Beleguanza*, and the

circumjacent kingdoms. It took in, under different titles, all those who had distinguished themselves in natural history, natural philosophy, mathematicks, and the greatest part of those, who promised to make a figure in them one time or other. This swarm of indefatigable bees labour'd incessantly in the research of truth, and every year the public reaped the fruits of their labours in a volume full of discoveries.

It was at that time divided into two factions, the one composed of Vortacists, and the other of Attractionists. *Olibrio*, an able geometrician and great natural philosopher, founded the sect of the Vortacists. *Circino*, an able natural philosopher and great geometrician, was the first Attractionist. Both *Olibrio* and *Circino* proposed to explain nature. *Olibrio's* principles have at first sight a certain air of simpli-

plicity, which seduces : in the gross they account for the principal phænomena, but they contradict themselves in the detail. As for *Circino*, he seems to set out upon an absurdity ; but 'tis the first step alone that is expensive. The minute details, which ruin *Olibrio's* system, establish his. He follows a road, dark at entrance, but which grows more lightsome according as a person advances. On the contrary, that of *Olibrio*, lightsome at entrance, grows darker and darker. The philosophy of the latter requires less study than understanding. One cannot be a disciple of the former, without a large share of understanding and study. One enters without preparation into *Olibrio's* school ; every body has the key of it. That of *Circino* is open to none but geometricians of the first class. *Olibrio's Vortices* are within the

reach of all capacities. *Circino's* central powers are made for first rate Algebraists only. Wherefore there will always be an hundred Vorticists for one Attractionist; and one Attractionist will always be worth an hundred Vorticists. Such was the state of the academy of sciences at *Banza*, when it handled the subject of the indiscreet Toys.

This phænomenon was very slippery: it dodged the attraction, and the subtile matter could not come within reach of it. In vain did the president summon all those who had any notions, to communicate them: a profound silence reigned in the assembly. At length *Persiflo* the Vorticist, who had published treatises on many subjects, which he did not understand, rose up and said: “ The fact, gentlemen, might well agree with the system of the world. I should suspect
“ that

“ that it has in general the same
 “ cause with the tides. For pray
 “ take notice, that this day is the
 “ equinoctial full moon. But before
 “ I can depend on my conjecture, I
 “ must wait to hear what the Toys
 “ will say next month.”

The company shrug'd their shoulders: they dared not remonstrate to him, that he reasoned like a Toy; but as he is a man of penetration he perceived in an instant that they thought as much.

The Attractionist *Reciproco* opened, and said: “ Gentlemen, I have tables
 “ calculated by a theory on the
 “ highth of the tides in every port
 “ of the kingdom. True it is, that
 “ observations somewhat bely my calculations: but I flatter myself
 “ that this small inconvenience will
 “ be repaired by the advantage that
 “ will result from them, if the tattle
 “ of

“ of Toys continues to square with
 “ the phænomena of the ebb and
 “ flow.”

A third person started up, went to the board, traced his figure, and said: let a Toy be A B, and——

Here the ignorance of the translators has deprived us of a demonstration, which without doubt the *African* author had preserv'd. After a blank of about two pages, we read: *Reciproco's* reasoning was thought demonstrative; and it was unanimously agreed, from the essays he had given on dialectics, that he would be able one day or other to make this deduction: women have from time immemorial heard with their ears: therefore they ought at this day to speak by their Toys.

Doctor *Orcotomus*, of the tribe of Anatomists, spoke next, and said:
 “ Gentlemen, I am of opinion, that
 “ it

“ it would be properer to drop a phæ-
 “ nomenon, than to seek its cause in
 “ vapory hypotheses. For my part,
 “ I would not have open’d my mouth,
 “ if I had nought but trifling con-
 “ jectures to offer : but I have ex-
 “ amined, studied, meditated. I
 “ have seen Toys in the paroxysm,
 “ and I am got so far, by means of
 “ my knowledge of the parts, and
 “ experience, as to be convinced, that
 “ that which in *Greek* we call *Delphys*,
 “ has all the properties of the wind-
 “ pipe, and that there are some who
 “ can speak as well by the Toy as by
 “ the mouth. Yes, gentlemen, the
 “ *Delphys* is a string and wind instru-
 “ ment ; but much more a string than
 “ a wind one. The outward air,
 “ which lights on it, properly does
 “ the office of a bow on the tendi-
 “ nous fibres of the wings, which I
 “ shall call ribbons or vocal strings. The
 “ gentle

“ gentle collision of this air and the
 “ vocal strings puts them into a
 “ trembling motion ; and it is by
 “ their quicker or slower vibrations,
 “ that they utter different sounds.
 “ The person modifies these sounds at
 “ discretion, speaks, and even might
 “ sing.

“ As there are but two ribbons or
 “ vocal strings, and as they are to the
 “ eye of equal length, it will doubt-
 “ less be ask'd, how they suffice to
 “ give the multitude of sounds, grave
 “ and acute, strong and weak, of
 “ which the human voice is capable.
 “ I answer, in pursuing the compa-
 “ rison of this organ with musical in-
 “ struments, that their lengthening
 “ and shortening are sufficient to pro-
 “ duce these effects.

“ That these parts are capable of
 “ distention and contraction, is need-
 “ less to be demonstrated in an assem-
 “ bly

“ bly of Literati of your rank : but
 “ that in consequence of this disten-
 “ tion and contraction, the *Delphys*
 “ can utter sounds more or less acute ;
 “ in a word, all the inflexions of the
 “ voice, and modulation of singing ;
 “ is a fact, which I flatter myself I
 “ shall put out of doubt. My appeal is
 “ to experiments. Yes, gentlemen,
 “ I engage to make both a *Delphys*
 “ and a Toy reason, speak, nay, and
 “ sing too, before ye.”

Thus harangued *Orcotomus*, pro-
 mising to himself nothing less than to
 raise the Toys to the level of the wind-
 pipes of one of his learned brethren,
 whose success jealousy had attack'd in
 vain.

C H A P.



C H A P. X.

Less learned and less tedious than the preceding. Continuation of the academical sitting.

BY the difficulties started against *Orcotomus*, before he could make his experiments, it appeared, that his notions were judged to have less of solidity than ingenuity. “ If
 “ Toys have the faculty of speech naturally, say they, why have they
 “ not made use of it till now? If it
 “ was an effect of the goodness of
 “ *Brama*, who has been pleased to
 “ endow women with so strong a
 “ desire of talking, to double the organs of speech in them; it is
 “ very strange, that they have so
 “ long been ignorant of, or at least
 “ ne-

“ neglected this valuable gift of na-
 “ ture. Why has not the same Toy
 “ spoke more than once? Why has
 “ none of them spoke of aught but
 “ the same subject? By what mecha-
 “ nism does it fall out, that one of
 “ the mouths is forcibly kept shut,
 “ while the other speaks? Moreover,
 “ added they, if we judge of the
 “ prattle of Toys by the circumstan-
 “ ces, in which most of them have
 “ spoken, and by the things they
 “ have told; there is all the reason
 “ in the world to believe it involun-
 “ tary, and that those parts would
 “ continue mute, if it had been in
 “ the power of their possessors to im-
 “ pose silence on them.”

Orcotomus arose to answer these ob-
 jections, and insisted that Toys talk'd
 in all ages; but so low, that what they
 said was hardly heard, even by those
 to whom they belong'd. That it is
 not

not surprizing, that they have raised their voice in our days, when the freedom of conversation is carried so high, that one may without impudence and indiscretion converse on those things, which are the most familiar to them: that if they have spoke audibly but once, we are not to infer that that will be the only time. That there is a vast difference between being mute and keeping silence; that if they have talk'd but on one and the same subject only, probably the reason is, that it is the only one, of which they have ideas. That those who have not spoke as yet, will speak. That if they remain silent, it is because they have nothing to say, or that they are ill made, or want ideas and terms.

In a word, continued he, to pretend that it was an effect of the goodness of *Brama* to grant to women the means

means of gratifying their strong desire of talking, by multiplying in them the organs of speech; is to grant, that if this benefaction drag'd any inconveniences after it, it was an effect of his wisdom to prevent them: and this he has done, by compelling one of the mouths to keep silence, while the other speaks. It is already but too inconvenient for us, that women change their mind from one instant to another: what then would it have been, if *Brama* had left them the power of being of two contradictory sentiments at the same time? Further, the gift of speech has been given, purely in order to be understood; but the women, who find it a difficult task to understand one another with a single mouth each, how could they possibly do it, if they spoke with two at a time?

Thus

Thus *Orcotomus* answered several things, and thought he had given satisfactory solutions to all difficulties : but he was mistaken. New doubts were raised, and he was on the point of sinking under them ; when *Cimonazes* came to his assistance. Then the dispute became tumultuous. They stray'd wide of the question, they bewilder'd themselves, they return'd, they bewilder'd themselves a second time, they grew angry, they brawl'd ; from brawling they pass'd to injurious words, and the academical sitting ended.

C H A P.



C H A P. XI.

Fourth trial of the Ring.

The ECHO.

WHILE the prattle of the Toys employed the academy, in other companies it became the news of the day, and the subject of the morrow, and of several succeeding days. It was an inexhaustible text. True facts were blended with false; every thing went down, the prodigy had removed all incredulity. In conversation people lived on it upwards of six months.

The Sultan had made but three trials of his ring; and yet, in a circle of ladies who were allowed a stool at the *Manimonbanda's*, one of them related a discourse held by the
Toy

Toy of a president's lady, next that of a marchioness, then she disclosed the pious secrets of a devotee, in fine those of several women who were not there: and God knows the stories that were father'd on their Toys; nor was there any parcimony of smutty tales. From facts they came to reflections. "I must confess, says one
 "of those ladies, that this witchcraft
 "(for it is a spell cast on Toys) keeps
 "us in a cruel state. How! to be
 "eternally under apprehensions of
 "hearing an impertinent voice issuing
 "from one's self." But madam, answered another, this fright astonishes us with regard to you. When a Toy has nothing ridiculous to tell, what does it signify, whether it be silent or speak? "It signifies so much, replied the first, that I would freely
 "give half my jewels, to be assured
 "that mine will never speak." Surely,

ly, replied the second, there must be substantial reasons for keeping measures with people, to purchase their discretion at so high a price. “ I have not better reasons than another, said *Cephisa*: and yet I do not eat my words. Twenty thousand crowns, is not too large a sum to buy tranquillity: for I will frankly own, that I have not more confidence in my Toy than in my mouth, and many silly things have slipped from me in my life. I hear every day so many incredible adventures unveiled, attested, detailed by Toys, that even retrenching three fourths, the remaining part is sufficient to destroy a reputation. If mine should prove but half so great a lyer as all those, I should be ruined. Was it not enough then that our conduct was in the power of our Toys, without

E

“ our

“our reputation being dependent on
 “their discourses?” For my part,
 answered *Ismene* smartly, without en-
 tering into endless arguments, I al-
 low things to go their own way. If
 it be *Brama*, that has given the fa-
 culty of speech to Toys, as my *Bra-*
min has convinced me, he will not
 suffer them to lye. It would be im-
 pious to assert the contrary. Where-
 fore my Toy may talk as often and
 much as it will. But after all what
 will it say?

Then was heard a hollow voice,
 which seemed to come out of the
 ground, and answered by way of
 Echo: *Many things.* *Ismene*, not
 imagining whence the answer pro-
 ceeded, flew into a passion, attack'd
 her neighbours, and increased the di-
 version of the company. The Sul-
 tan, charmed with her mistake, quit-
 ted his minister, with whom he was

in conference in a corner, went up to her, and said: “ I am afraid, “ madam, you have heretofore admitted some one of these ladies into your confidence, and that their Toys are so malicious as to recollect histories, which your own might have forgot.”

At the same time, by moving his ring up and down with dexterity, *Mangogul* caused a very singular dialogue between the lady and her Toy, *Ismene*, who had always conducted her little affairs well enough, and had never had a confidante, answer'd the Sultan, that all the art of calumniators would be ineffectual. “ *Perhaps,*” answer'd the unknown voice. How, perhaps, reply'd *Ismene*, piqued at this injurious doubt, what have I to fear from them? “ *Every thing, if they knew as much as I.*” And “ what do you know? “ *Many things,*

“ *I tell you.* Many things, that says much, but means nothing. Can you tell any particulars? “ *Without doubt.*” And of what nature? Have I been really in Love? “ *No.*” Have I had intrigues, adventures? “ *Exactly.*” “ And with whom, pray? With Petits-maitres, military men, senators? “ *No.*” Comedians? “ *No.*” You shall see, it was with my pages, my footmen, my confessor, or my husband’s chaplain. “ *No.*” Mr Impostor, you are at your wits end? “ *Not quite.*” Yet I can see no other person, with whom one can possibly have adventures. Was it before, was it after my marriage? Answer me then, impertinent. “ *Ab, madam, spare inventions, if you please. Compel not the best of your friends to take some disagreeable steps.*” Speak, my dear, tell, tell all. I value your services as little as I fear your indiscretion.

cretion. Explain your self: I not only give you full permission, but even dare you to it. “ *To what do you reduce me, Ismene?*” said the Toy, breathing a deep sigh. To render justice to vertue. “ *Well then, virtuous Ismene, have you quite forgot young Osmin, the sangiac Zegris, your dancing master Alaziel, your music master Almoura?*” Ah! what horrid calumnies, cried *Ismene*. I had a mother, who was too vigilant to expose me to such irregularities: and my husband, were he here, would testify that he found me just such as he could wish. “ *Very true,* replied the Toy, *thanks to the secret of your intimate friend Alcina.*”

This is so extravagantly and so grossly ridiculous, said *Ismene*, that it deserves no refutation. I cannot say, continued she, which of these ladies Toys it is, that pretends to be

so knowing in my affairs : but it has related things, of which my own does not know a syllable. “ Ma-
 “ dam, answered *Cephisa*, I can as-
 “ sure you, that mine has gone no
 “ farther than giving ear.” The rest said as much, and they sat down to play, without precisely knowing the interlocutor of the conversation above related.



C H A P. XII.

Fifth Trial of the Ring.

P L A Y.

MOST of the ladies who made the party with the *Manimon-banda*, play'd with great eagerness ; and it was not necessary to have *Mangogul's* sagacity, to perceive it. The passion of gaming is one of those that
 puts

puts on the least disguise. It shews itself, whether in winning or losing, by strong symptoms. “ But whence
 “ proceeds this fury, said he within
 “ himself? How can the ladies bear
 “ to pass whole nights round a *Pha-*
 “ *raob* table, to tremble in expecta-
 “ tion of an ace or a seven? This
 “ phrensy injures their health and
 “ beauty, when they have any: with-
 “ out reckoning the disorders into
 “ which I am sure it precipitates
 “ them. I have a great desire, said
 “ he to *Mirzoza* in the ear, to exe-
 “ cute here a thought just come into
 “ my head.” And what is this fine
 thought, which you meditate, said
 the favorite? “ It is, answered *Man-*
 “ *gogul*, to turn my ring on the most
 “ unbridled of these brelandiers, to
 “ interrogate her Toy, and to trans-
 “ mit by that organ, a good advice
 “ to all those weak husbands, who

“ allow their wives to stake the ho-
 “ nour and fortune of their house on
 “ a card or a dye.”

I like this notion mightily, replied *Mirzoza* ; but know, Prince, that the *Manimonbanda* has just now sworn by her *Pagoda*'s, that she would keep no more drawing-room nights, if ever she found herself again exposed to the impudence of *Engastrimutbes*.
 “ What have you said, my soul's de-
 “ light, interrupted the Sultan ?” I have, answered the favorite, made use of the name, which the modest *Manimonbanda* gives to all those, whose Toys have the faculty of speech.
 “ It is of the invention of her stupid
 “ *Bramin*, who values himself upon
 “ knowing the Greek, and being
 “ ignorant of the Congoese language,
 “ replied the Sultan. However, with
 “ the *Manimonbanda*'s leave, and that
 “ of her chaplain too, I would de-
 “ fire

“ fire to question *Manilla's* Toy ; and
 “ it would be proper to make the
 “ interrogatories here, for the edifi-
 “ cation of the neighbours.” Prince,
 said *Mirzoza*, if you take my word,
 you will spare the *Manimonbanda*
 the uneasiness this proceeding must
 give her : which you may do, with-
 out balking your own curiosity or
 mine. Why do you not go to *Ma-*
nilla's house? “ I will go, since you
 “ advise, said *Mangogul.*” But at
 “ what hour, said the Sultana? “ A-
 “ bout midnight, answered the Sul-
 “ tan.” At midnight she is at play,
 said the favorite. “ I will put off
 “ my visit then till two in the morn-
 “ ing, replied *Mangogul.*” Prince,
 you don't consider, rejoined the fa-
 vorite : 'tis the most pleasant hour
 of the four and twenty for female
 gamesters. If your highness will be
 led by me, you will take *Manilla*

in her first sleep, between seven and eight.

Mangogul followed *Mirzoza's* advice, and visited *Manilla* about seven. Her women were going to put her to bed. He judged by the sadness predominant in her countenance, that she had play'd with bad luck. She walk'd to and fro, stopp'd, lifted her eyes to heaven, stamp'd with her foot, cover'd her eyes with her hands, and muttered somewhat, which the Sultan could not understand. Her women, who were undressing her, followed all these motions in panicks; and if they at length compassed getting her into bed, it was not done without receiving harsh language and something worse. Now *Manilla* is in bed, having made no other night prayer, but some curses against a damned ace, which came seven times successively to her loss. Scarcely had she

she closed her eyes, when *Mangogul*
 levell'd his ring at her. Instantly
 her Toy exclaimed in a sorrowful
 tone: " Now I am repiqued and ca-
 " potted." The Sultan smiled to hear
 that every thing about *Manilla*, even
 to her Toy, spoke gaming. " No,
 " continued the Toy, I will never
 " play against *Abidul*: he knows
 " nothing but tricking. Speak to
 " me no more of *Dares*: with him
 " one runs the risq of some unlucky
 " hits. *Ismael* is a pretty fair player,
 " but every body has him not that
 " would. *Mazulim* was a treasure,
 " before he fell into the hands of
 " *Crissa*. I don't know a more whim-
 " fical player than *Zulmis*. *Rica* is
 " less so; but the poor lad is run
 " dry. What can one do with *La-*
 " *zuli*? The prettiest woman of *Ban-*
 " *za* could not make him play high.
 " What a piddling player *Mollius* is!

“ In truth, desolation has spread a-
 “ mong the gamesters : and e’er long
 “ we shall not know with whom to
 “ make a party.”

After this *Jeremiad*, the Toy fell to relating uncommon strokes, of which it had been a witness ; and excessively extoll’d the constancy and resources of its mistress in bad luck. “ Were it not for me, it said, *Manilla* would have ruin’d herself twenty times over. All the Sultan’s treasures would not have discharged the debts that I have paid. In one match at *breland* she lost to a farmer of the revenue and an abbé, above ten thousand ducats. She had nothing left but her jewels : but her husband had so lately re-deem’d them, that she dared not to venture them. Nevertheless she took the cards, and had one of those seducing hands, which fortune

“ tune

“ tune sends, when she is on the
 “ point of cutting your throat. They
 “ urged her to speak. *Manilla* look’d
 “ at her cards, put her hand into
 “ her purse, whence she was sure to
 “ pull nothing, return’d to her cards,
 “ examined them again, but without
 “ determining. Does madam stand it
 “ at last, said the farmer? Yes; I
 “ stake, said she, — I stake — I stake
 “ my Toy. For what value, replied
 “ *Turcares*? For a hundred ducats,
 “ said *Manilla*. The abbé withdrew,
 “ esteeming the Toy too high rated.
 “ *Turcares* declared at it: *Manilla* lost
 “ and paid.

“ The silly vanity of possessing a
 “ titled Toy got the better of *Tur-*
 “ *cares*. He offered to supply my
 “ mistress with play-money, on con-
 “ dition that I should be subservient
 “ to his pleasures. The bargain was
 “ struck in a moment. But as *Ma-*
 “ *nilla*

“ *nilla* play’d high, and the farmer
 “ was not inexhaustible, we soon saw
 “ the bottom of his coffers.

“ My mistress had appointed a
 “ most brilliant party at *Pharaoh*. All
 “ her acquaintance were invited.
 “ They were to punt with nothing
 “ under ducats. We depended on
 “ the purse of *Turcares*. But the
 “ morning of this great day, the
 “ rascal wrote us word that he had
 “ not a penny, and left us in the
 “ utmost consternation. However,
 “ we must extricate ourselves, and
 “ there was not a moment to be
 “ lost. We pitch’d on an old chief
 “ of the *Bramins*, to whom we sold
 “ at a dear rate some complaisances,
 “ which he had solicited a long time.
 “ This fitting cost him double the
 “ income of his ecclesiastical pre-
 “ ferment.

“ *Tur-*

“ *Turcares* returned notwithstanding,
 “ ing, in a few days. He said he
 “ was excessively concerned that ma-
 “ dam had taken him at a nonplus :
 “ he still reckon’d on her goodness.
 “ Indeed you reckon ill, my dear,
 “ replied *Manilla* : I cannot with de-
 “ cency receive you more. When
 “ you were in a condition to lend,
 “ the world knew why I admitted
 “ you : but now that you are good
 “ for nothing, you would blast my
 “ honour.

“ *Turcares* was piqued at this dis-
 “ course, and so was I : for he was
 “ perhaps the best lad in *Banza*. He
 “ waved his usual politeness, and gave
 “ *Manilla* to understand, that she cost
 “ him more than three opera girls,
 “ who would have amused him bet-
 “ ter, Alas ! cried he most mourn-
 “ fully, why did I not stick to my
 “ little millener ? She loved me to
 “ folly.

“ folly. I made her so happy with a
 “ silk gown. — *Manilla*, who did
 “ not relish comparisons, interrupt-
 “ him in a tone, eno’ to make one
 “ tremble, and bade him begone in
 “ an instant. *Turcares* knew her,
 “ and chose rather to return peace-
 “ ably down stairs, than to leap
 “ thro’ the window.

“ After that, *Manilla* borrowed of
 “ another *Bramin*, who came, said
 “ she, to administer comfort in her
 “ afflictions. The holy man suc-
 “ ceeded the farmer of the revenue,
 “ and we reimbursed him his com-
 “ forts in the same coin. She lost me
 “ several times more, and ’tis well
 “ known that play-debts are the only
 “ ones that are paid among the *Beau*
 “ *Monde*.

“ If *Manilla* happens to play with
 “ good luck, she is the most regular
 “ woman in *Congo*. Excepting her
 “ play,

“ play, she takes surprising care of
 “ her conduct : she is never heard to
 “ swear an oath : she entertains well :
 “ she pays her mercer and other
 “ tradesmen, is liberal to her servants,
 “ redeems her nicknacks sometimes,
 “ and careffes her lap dog and her
 “ husband : but thirty times a month
 “ she risks these happy dispositions
 “ and her money on an ace of spades.
 “ Such is the life she leads, and will
 “ lead : and God knows how many
 “ times yet I shall be pawn’d.”

Here the Toy ceased, and *Mango-*
gul went to take repose. He was
 awaken’d at five in the afternoon, and
 went to the opera, according to a pro-
 mise made to the favorite.

C H A P.



C H A P. XIII.

Of the opera at Banza.

Sixth trial of the Ring.

OF all the public diversions of *Banza*, none supported itself but the opera. *Utmiutsol* and *Utre-mifasolasiututut*, two celebrated musicians, one of whom was growing old, and the other was but just new-fledged, alternately occupied the lyric scene. Each of these two original authors had his partisans. The ignorant and the grey-bearded dotards stood up for *Utmiutsol*; the smart young fellows and the *Virtuosi* were for *Utre-mifasolasiututut*: and the people of taste, as well young as old, held them both in high esteem.

Utre-

Utremifasolasiututut, said the latter, is excellent when he is good, but he sleeps at times ; and, pray, to whom does not that happen ? *Utmiutsol* holds up better, and is more uniform. He is full of beauties ; yet he has not one, of which there are not examples to be found, and even more striking, in his rival ; in whom there are strokes to be observed, which are entirely his own, and are not to be met with any where but in his works. Old *Utmiutsol* is simple, natural, smooth, sometimes too smooth, and that is his fault. Young *Utremifasolasiututut* is singular, brilliant, composed, learned, sometimes too learned : but perhaps that is his hearer's fault. The one has but one opening, beautiful indeed, but repeated at the head of all his pieces. The other has made as many openings as pieces, and they all pass for masterpieces. Nature guided *Utmiutsol* in the ways
of

of melody ; study and experience discovered the sources of harmony to *Utremifasolafututut*. Who ever knew how to declaim, and who will ever speak a part like the old man ? Who will compose light catches, voluptuous airs, and symphonies in character like the young one ? *Utmiutsol* is the only person who understood dialogue. Before *Utremifasolafututut* nobody distinguished the delicate touches, which separate the tender from the voluptuous, the voluptuous from the passionate, the passionate from the lascivious. Nay some partisans of the latter pretend, that if *Utmiutsol*'s dialogue is superior to his, this is not so much owing to the inequality of their talents, as to the difference of the poets, whom they made use of.

“ Read, read, cried they, the scene of
 “ *Dardanus*, and you will be con-
 “ vinced, that if we give good words
 “ to

“ to *Utremifasolasiututut*, *Utmiutsol*’s
 “ charming scenes will be revived.”
 However that be, in my time, the
 whole town flock’d to the tragedies of
 the latter, and people stifled one an-
 other at the interludes of the former.

They were just then exhibiting in
Banza an excellent piece of *Utremifa-*
solasiututut, which would never have
 been represented but in nightcaps, had
 not the favorite Sultana had the cu-
 riosity to see it. And besides, the
 periodical indisposition of Toys fa-
 vored the jealousy of the fiddles,
 and made the principal actresses flinch.
 She, who supplied her place, had not
 so good a voice, but as she made
 amends by her manner of acting, no-
 thing hindered the Sultan and the fa-
 vorite from honouring the piece with
 their presence.

Mirzoza was already come, *Man-*
gogul comes, the curtain is raised,
 they

they begin. Every thing went on marvellously well : Miss *Chevalier* had effaced the memory of Miss *le Maure*, and they were at the fourth act, when the Sultan bethought himself, in the middle of a chorus, which he thought lasted too long, and had already cost the favorite two yawns, to point his ring on all the fingers. Never was there seen on the stage so odd and comical a sight. Thirty women were struck dumb on a sudden. Their mouths were wide open, and they kept the same theatrical attitudes they held before. And at the same time their Toys made their throats fore with the violence of singing, this a *Pont-neuf*, that a *Vaudeville polisson*, another a very indecent parody, and all of them extravagances relative to their characters. On one hand was heard, *oh vraiment ma comere, oui* ; on the other, *quoi douze fois ?* Here, *qui me baise,*

baise, est-ce Blaise ? There, rien, Pere Cyprien, ne vous retient. In fine, they all wound themselves up into a strain, so high, so rude, and so mad, that they formed the most extravagant brawling ridiculous choir, that had been heard before and since that of
 —no——d——on——

Here the manuscript was worm-eaten.

All this while the Orchestra went on, and the loud laughs of the pit and boxes joined to the sound of the instruments, and the singing of the Toys, compleated the cacophony.

Some of the actresses, fearing lest their Toys, tired with quavering impertinences, might resolve to speak them out, ran behind the scenes : but they escaped with the fright only. *Mangogul* being perswaded that the public would learn nothing new, turn'd off his ring. In an instant all the Toys were silent, the bursts of
 laugh-

laughter ceased, the audience grew calm, the play was resumed and finished peaceably. The curtain drop'd, the Sultana and Sultan went off, and the Toys of our actresses went to their several appointments, where they were to have a different employment from singing.

This affair made a great noise. The men laugh'd, the women were alarmed, the *Bonza's* were scandalized, the academicians rack'd their brains about it. But what did *Orcotomus* say? *Orcotomus* triumph'd. He had hinted in one of his memoirs, that the Toys would infallibly sing: they had sung accordingly, and this phænomenon, which disconcerted his brethren, was to him a new ray of light, and completed the confirmation of his system.

C H A P.



C H A P. XIV.

Orcotomus's experiments.

IT was on the fifteenth of the moon of ———, that *Orcotomus* had read his memoir to the academy, and communicated his thoughts on the tattle of the Toys. As he then did with the greatest assurance promise to produce infallible experiments, which he had repeated several times, and always with success; the majority of people was struck with his doctrine. For some time the public preserved the favorable impressions they had received: and for full six weeks *Orcotomus* pass'd for having made considerable discoveries.

Nothing was wanting to complete his triumph, but performing before

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the academy the famous experiments, which he had preached so loudly. The assembly that met on this occasion was extremely brilliant. The ministers of state graced the meeting : the Sultan himself did not disdain to be there, but invisible.

As *Mangogul* was a great Monologue maker, and the futility of the conversations of his time had tainted him with the habitude of soliloquy :
 “ Either *Orcotomus*, said he, must be
 “ an arrant quack, or the Genius my
 “ protector, a great fool. If the
 “ academician, who certainly is not
 “ a conjurer, can restore speech to
 “ dead Toys ; the Genius who pro-
 “ tects me was in the wrong to make
 “ a compact, and sell his soul to the
 “ devil, for the sake of communi-
 “ cating it to Toys full of life.”

Mangogul was puzzling himself with such reflections, when he found
 himself

himself in the middle of his academy. *Orcotomus* had for spectators, as appears, all those in *Banza*, who were knowing in the subject of Toys. In order to be satisfied with his audience, all he wanted was to give them satisfaction : but the issue of his experiments proved very unhappy. *Orcotomus* took up a Toy, put his mouth to it, blew into it till he was out of breath, quitted it, returned, tried another : for he had brought a variety of them with him, of all ages, sizes, conditions and colours : but in vain did he blow ; nothing was heard but inarticulate sounds, vastly different from what he had promised.

Then ran a buzzing murmur thro' the company, which disconcerted him for a moment : but he recovered himself, and alledged that such experiments were not easy to be made

before so great a number of people :
and he was right.

Mangogul got up in wrath, went away, and in the twinkling of an eye was in the favorite Sultana's apartment. " Well, prince, said she upon
" seeing him, who has won the day,
" you or *Orcotomus* ? For his Toys
" have performed wonders to be
" sure." The Sultan took some turns about the room without a word of answer. " But, resumed the favorite, your highness seems dissatisfied. Oh ! madam, the impudence
" of that *Orcotomus* is not to be
" match'd. Pray, do not so much
" as mention him from this moment ——— What will you say,
" O future generations, when you
" shall be informed, that the great
" *Mangogul* allowed a hundred thousand crowns in yearly pensions to
" such fellows ; while gallant officers,

“ who with their blood had watered
 “ the laurels that surround his brow,
 “ were reduced to twenty pound a
 “ year? — By *Jove*, the thought
 “ distracts me : I shall be out of hu-
 “ mor this month to come.”

Here *Mangogul* broke off, and con-
 tinued to walk about the room. He
 hung down his head, marched to and
 fro, stop'd, and now and then stamp'd
 the floor with his foot. He sat down
 a moment, rose up in a hurry, took
 his leave of *Mirzoza*, forgot to kiss
 her, and retir'd to his own apart-
 ment.

The *African* author, who has immor-
 talized himself by the history of the
 high and marvellous exploits of *Er-
 guebzed* and *Mangogul*, continues in
 these words :

By *Mangogul's* ill humor it was
 thought, that he was on the point of
 banishing all the learned out of his

dominions. Far from it, the next day he arose in a gay mood, performed his exercises at the riding-house in the morning, in the evening supp'd with *Mirzoza* and some favorites, under a magnificent tent in the gardens of the Seraglio, and never appeared more disengaged from affairs of state.

The dissatisfied and the disaffected of *Congo*, and the newsmongers of *Banza*, did not fail to spread their reports of this conduct. For what do not people of this stamp find fault with? “ Is this, said they in the public walks and coffee-houses, is this governing a state? To spend the day in tilting, and the night at table. Well, if I was Sultan, cried a little Senator ruined by gaming, parted from his wife, and whose children had the worst of education, if I was Sultan, I would make *Congo* a flourishing
“ em-

“ empire. I would be the terror of
 “ my enemies, and the darling of
 “ my subjects. Within six months
 “ I would reestablish the *Police*, the
 “ laws, the army and the navy in
 “ their full vigour. I would have a
 “ hundred ships of the line. Our
 “ heaths should soon be grub’d up,
 “ and our high-ways repair’d. I
 “ would abolish the taxes, or at least
 “ reduce them to one half. As for
 “ pensions, gentlemen of sublime
 “ wit, by my faith, ye should but
 “ just taste them with the tip of your
 “ tongues. Good officers, *Pongo*
 “ *Sabiam*, good officers, old foldiers,
 “ magistrates like us, who devote
 “ our labours and night studies to
 “ dealing out justice to the people :
 “ these are the men on whom I would
 “ shed my bounty.

“ Gentlemen, said an old toothless
 “ politician, with greasy flat hair, a

“ coat worn out at elbows, and rag-
 “ ged ruffles, have ye quite forgot
 “ our great emperor *Abdelmalek*, of
 “ the *Dynasty* of the *Abissinians*, who
 “ reigned two thousand three hundred
 “ and eighty five years ago? Have
 “ ye forgot how he caused two astro-
 “ nomers to be impaled, for an er-
 “ ror of three minutes in their pre-
 “ diction of an eclipse; and his first
 “ physician and surgeon to be dissect-
 “ ed alive, for having ordered him a
 “ dose of manna at an improper
 “ time?

“ Moreover I ask you, continued
 “ another, what are those idle *Bra-*
 “ *mins* good for, that vermin who
 “ suck our blood, and grow fat on
 “ it. Would not their immense over-
 “ flowing riches better become honest
 “ folks like us.”

From another quarter was heard :
 “ Forty years ago, were the new
 “ cookery

“ cookery and the liquors of *Lorraine*
 “ so much as known? Our rulers are
 “ plung’d deep into luxury, which
 “ threatens approaching destruction to
 “ the empire, a necessary consequence
 “ of the contempt of the *Pagoda*’s and
 “ dissolution of morals. At the time
 “ when people eat but coarse meats,
 “ and drank but sherbet at *Kana-*
 “ *glou*’s table; what regard would be
 “ paid to the cut-paper ornaments,
 “ to *Martin*’s varnishes, and to *Ra-*
 “ *meau*’s music? The opera girls
 “ were not more cruel then than at
 “ present, and were to be had much
 “ cheaper. The prince, you see,
 “ spoils many good things. But if
 “ I was Sultan”————

If thou wert Sultan, answered in
 wrath an old officer, who had escaped
 the dangers of the battle of *Fontenoy*,
 and had lost an arm close to his prince
 in the fight of *Laufelt*; thou wouldst

commit greater impertinences than thou now dealst out. Eh, friend, thou can'st not govern thy tongue, and thou wouldst willingly rule an empire: thou hast not sense to manage thy family, and thou pretendst to guide a state. Respect the powers of the earth, and thank the Gods for having given thee birth in the empire, and in the reign of a prince, whose prudence instructs his ministers, and whose soldiery admire his valor; who has made himself dreaded by his enemies, and beloved by his people; and whose only fault is the lenity with which persons of thy stamp are treated under his government.

C H A P.



C H A P. XV.

The Bramins.

AFTER the learned had spent themselves on the Toys, the *Bramins* took possession of them. Religion laid claim to their chit-chat, as a subject that came within its jurisdiction, and its ministers pretended that the hand of *Brama* manifested itself in that work.

There was held a general assembly of Pontiffs, and a resolution was taken to employ the best pens to prove in form, that the thing was supernatural, and that, till their works could be published, it should be defended by way of theses in the schools, in private conversations, in the direc-

tion of consciences, and in public harangues.

Now, altho' they unanimously agreed that the thing was supernatural ; yet as the people of *Congo* admitted two principles, and professed a sort of Manicheism, they were divided in opinion, to which of these two principles the chit-chat of the Toys ought to be attributed.

Those who had seldom or never been out of their cells, and had turned over nothing but their books, ascribed the prodigy to *Brama*. “ There
“ is none but he, said they, that can
“ interrupt the course of nature ;
“ and time will shew, that in all this
“ he has most profound views.”

Those on the contrary, who frequented the toilets, and were oftner surprized at bed-sides than in their closets, fearing lest some indiscreet Toy or other might unveil their hypocrisy,

pocrify, laid their prattle to the charge of *Cadabra*, a mischief-making deity, and a sworn enemy to *Brama* and his servants. This latter system was exposed to terrible objections, and had not so direct a tendency towards the reformation of morals. Nay, its defenders did not impose on themselves about it. But the business was, to screen themselves : and in order to compass that, religion had not a single minister, who would not have sacrificed the *Pagodas* and their Altars a hundred times over.

Mangogul and *Mirzoza* assisted regularly at the religious service of *Brama*, and the whole empire was informed thereof by the news-papers. On a certain day appointed for celebrating one of the principal solemnities in the great Mosq, they were present. The *Bramin*, whose turn it was to explain the law, mounted the

ro-

rostrum, pour'd forth a volley of affected phrases and fulsome compliments on the Sultan and his favorite; and made an eloquent peroration on the manner of sitting orthodoxly in company. He had already demonstrated the necessity thereof by numberless authorities, when being instantaneously seized with a fit of sacred enthusiasm, he spoke this declamation, which had the greater effect, as it came in quite unexpected.

“ What do I hear in all assemblies?

“ a confused murmur, an unheard

“ noise strikes my ears. All things

“ are turn'd topsy-turvy, and the fa-

“ culty of speech, which the good-

“ ness of *Brama* had hitherto appro-

“ priated to the tongue, is now by an

“ effect of his vengeance transported

“ to other organs. And what or-

“ gans? You know, gentlemen. O

“ ungrateful people, was there a ne-

cessity

“ necessity for a new prodigy, to rouse
 “ ye from your lethargy ; and had
 “ not your crimes witnesses enough,
 “ but their principal instruments
 “ must raise their voice ? Doubtless
 “ their measure is filled up ; since
 “ the wrath of heaven has sought
 “ new chastisements. In vain did
 “ you envelop yourself in dark-
 “ nefs, in vain did you choose mute
 “ accomplices : do you not hear them
 “ at present ? They have given de-
 “ positions against ye from every quar-
 “ ter, and revealed your baseness to
 “ the universe. O thou who governeft
 “ by thy wisdom ! O *Brama* ! just
 “ are thy judgments. Thy law con-
 “ demns theft, perjury, lying and
 “ adultery : it proscribes the black-
 “ nefs of calumny, the intrigues of
 “ ambition, the fury of hatred, and
 “ the artifices of insincerity. Thy
 “ faith-

“ faithful ministers have not ceased
 “ declaring these truths to thy chil-
 “ dren, and threatening them with
 “ the chastisements, which thou in
 “ thy just anger reservedst for pre-
 “ varicators : but in vain ; the fools
 “ have delivered themselves up to
 “ the tide of their passions, they fol-
 “ lowed the torrent, they have de-
 “ spised our admonitions, they have
 “ laughed at our threats, they have
 “ regarded our anathema’s as empty
 “ noise ; their vices are accumulated,
 “ strengthen’d, multiplied ; the voice
 “ of their impiety has ascended even
 “ to thy throne, and we have not
 “ been able to prevent the tremen-
 “ dous scourge, with which thou hast
 “ smote them. After having long
 “ implored thy mercy, let us now
 “ extoll thy justice. Overwhelmed
 “ by thy strokes, doubtless they will
 “ return to thee, and acknowledge
 “ the

“ the hand which is laid heavy on
 “ them. But O prodigy of hard-
 “ heartedness ! O excess of blind-
 “ ness ! They have imputed the ef-
 “ fect of thy power to the blind me-
 “ chanism of nature. They have said
 “ in their hearts, *Brama* is not. All
 “ the properties of matter are not
 “ known to us, and the new proof
 “ of its existence is but a proof of the
 “ ignorance and credulity of those,
 “ who object it to us. On this
 “ foundation they have raised systems,
 “ invented hypotheses, tried experi-
 “ ments : but from the highth of his
 “ eternal habitation, *Brama* has laugh’d
 “ at their vain projects. He has con-
 “ founded audacious knowledge, and
 “ the Toys have broke, as glass, the
 “ impotent obstacles opposed to their
 “ loquacity. Wherefore let those vain-
 “ glorious worms confess the weakness
 “ of their [reason, and the vanity of
 “ their

“ their efforts. Let them cease to de-
 “ ny the existence of *Brama*, or to pre-
 “ scribe limits to his power. *Brama*
 “ is, he is almighty, and he does not
 “ shew himself to us more visibly in
 “ his dreadful scourges, than in his
 “ ineffable favours.

“ But who has drawn down these
 “ scourges on this wretched country?
 “ Is it not thy injustice, greedy in-
 “ credulous man? Thy gallantries
 “ and silly amours, worldly immo-
 “ dest woman! Thy excesses and
 “ shameful debaucheries, infamous
 “ man of pleasure! Thy hardhearted-
 “ nefs for our monasteries, miser! Thy
 “ injustice, corrupt magistrate! Thy
 “ usuries, insatiable money-dealer!
 “ Thy effeminacy and irreligion, im-
 “ pious and sycophant courtier.

“ And you, on whom this scourge
 “ is particularly fallen, women and
 “ maidens plunged into licentious-
 “ nefs;

“ nefs ; tho’ we, renouncing the du-
 “ ties of our calling, should keep
 “ profound silence with regard to
 “ your irregularities, you carry about
 “ you a more importunate voice than
 “ ours : it accompanies you, and will
 “ every where rebuke you for your
 “ impure desires, your equivocal con-
 “ nections, your criminal conversa-
 “ tions, such excessive care to please,
 “ so many artifices to engage, so
 “ much address to fix, and the im-
 “ petuosity of your transports, and
 “ the fury of your jealousy. Why
 “ then do you delay to shake off the
 “ yoke of *Cadabra*, and return under
 “ the mild laws of *Brama* ? But let
 “ us return to our subject. Well then
 “ I was saying that worldlings sit
 “ down heretically, and that for nine
 “ reasons ; the first, &c.

This discourse made very different
 impressions. *Mangogul* and the Sul-
 tana

tana, who were the only persons that knew the secret of the ring, were convinced that the *Bramin* had as happily hit off the tattle of Toys by the assistance of religion, as *Orcotomus* by the light of reason. The court ladies and petits-maitres declared the sermon seditious, and the preacher a visionary. The rest of the audience esteem'd him a prophet, shed tears, fell to prayers, and even flagellations, and did not change their courses of life.

The noise of this sermon spread to the very coffee-houses. A wit pronounced in a decisive tone, that the *Bramin* had but very superficially handled the subject, and that his discourse was but a cold insipid declamation : but in the opinion of the devout women and the enlightened, it was the most solid piece of eloquence that had been delivered in the temples
these

these hundred years. And in mine, both the wit and the devout women were in the right.



C H A P. XVI.

The Muzzles.

WHILE the *Bramins* were making *Brama* speak, airing their *Pagoda's* by processions, and exhorting the people to repentance ; others were thinking how to reap benefit by the prattle of Toys.

Great cities swarm with persons, whom misery renders industrious. — They neither rob nor pick pockets : but they are to pick pockets, what pick-pockets are to gamblers. They know every thing, they do every thing. They go up and down, they insinuate themselves. They are found
at

at court, in the city, at *Westminster* hall, at church, at the play, at ladies toilets, in coffee-houses, at balls, opera's and in academies. They are any thing that you would have them be. Do you solicit a pension, they have the minister's ear. Have you a law-suit, they will sollicite for you. Do you love gaming, they will make a party with you ; good chear, they keep a good kitchen ; women, they will introduce you to *Amina* or *Acaris*. From which of the two would you please to purchase the distemper ? Take your choice, they will undertake your cure. Their chief occupation is to find the ridicules of private persons, and to make advantage of the follies of the public. From them it is, that papers are distributed in the streets, at the gates of temples, at the play-house doors, and other public places, by which you are advertised *gratis*, that such an one

living

living at the *Louvre*, *St. John's*, the temple, or the abby, at such a sign, dupes mankind at home from nine in the morning to noon, and abroad the rest of the day.

Scarce had the Toys began to speak, when one of these sharpeners fill'd the houses of *Banza* with a printed bill of this form and tenor. --- Advertifement to the ladies. And underneath in small Italic, by permission of my lord the great Seneschal, and with the approbation of the gentlemen of the royal accademy of sciences. And lower down: The *Sieur Eolipila* of the royal academy of *Banza*, Member of the royal society of *Monoemugi*, of the imperial academy of *Biafara*, of the academy of the curious of *Lo-ango*, of the society of *Camur* in *Monomotapa*, of the institute of *Erecco*, and of the royal academies of *Beleguanza* and *Angola*; who has for ma-

ny years given courses of baubles, with the applause of the court, the town, and the province; has, in favour of the fair sex, invented muzzles or portable gags, which deprive Toys of the use of speech, without obstructing their natural functions. They are neat and convenient. He has some of all sizes, of all prices, and for all ages: and he has had the honour to serve persons of the highest distinction with them.

There is nothing like being a member of a body of men. Be a work ever so ridiculous, it is puff'd into success. Thus it was, that *Eolipila's* invention gain'd ground. People flock'd to his house. The gay ladies went thither in their own equipages, prudent women in hackney-coaches; the devout sent their confessors or footmen, and nuns their door-keepers. Every body must have a muzzle, so
that

that not one from the dutchess down to the cobbler's Joan, but had one either for the fashion or for reasons.

The *Bramins*, who had declared the prattle of Toys to be a divine punishment, and flatter'd themselves with a reformation of manners and other advantages from it, could not without horror see a machine, which eluded the vengeance of heaven and their hopes. Scarcely had they come down from their pulpits, but they mount again, thunder, roar, make the oracles to speak, and pronounce that a muzzle is an infernal machine, and that there is no salvation for those who shall use them. “ Carnal women, quit your muzzles ; submit, “ cried they, to the will of *Brama*. Permit the voice of your Toys to awaken “ that of your consciences, and blush “ not to acknowledge crimes, which
G “ you

“ you have not been ashamed to com-
 “ mit.”

But their exclamations were of little avail : the same fate attended muzzles, that had formerly attended the gowns without sleeves. The preachers were left to catch cold in the temples. All the women took gags, and quitted them not, either till they found them useless, or were tired of them.



C H A P. XVII.

The two Devouts.

FOR some days past the Sultan left the Toys at rest. Important affairs, on which he was busy, suspended the effects of his ring. In this interval it was, that two women of *Banza* made diversion for the whole town.

They

They were professed devouts. They had managed their intrigues with all possible discretion, and were in full enjoyment of a reputation, which even the malice of those of their own class paid respect to. In the mosques nothing was talk'd of but their virtue. Mothers proposed them as patterns to their daughters, and husbands to their wives. The principal maxim of both was, that scandal is the greatest of all sins. This conformity of sentiments, but above all, the difficulty of edifying a clear-sighted and crafty neighbour at an easy expence, had got the better of the difference of their tempers, and they were very good friends.

Zelida received *Sophia's* *Bramin*: and it was at *Sophia's* house that *Zelida* confer'd with her director; and by a little self-examination, the one

could hardly be ignorant of what concerned the other's Toy : but the whimsical indiscretion of these Toys kept them both in cruel apprehensions. They held themselves as on the point of being unmask'd, and of losing that reputation of virtue, which had cost them fifteen years dissimulation and management, and which now embarrassed them very much.

At some moments they would even forfeit their lives, especially *Zelida*, to be as much blasted as the greatest part of their acquaintance. “ What
 “ will the world say ? What will my
 “ husband do ?—— What ! that wo-
 “ man so reserved, so modest, so
 “ virtuous, that *Zelida*, like others,
 “ is but——Alas ! this thought di-
 “ stracts me ! —— Yes, I wish I
 “ never had any reputation, cried
 “ *Zelida* in a passion.”

She

She was then with her female friend, who was making the same reflections, but without such violent commotion. *Zelida's* last words made her smile. “ Laugh, madam, “ without constraint. Burst out, “ said *Zelida*, touched to the quick. “ To be sure you have good cause.” I am as sensible of the impending danger, as you can be, answered *Sophia*, with an air of indifference ; but how to shun it ? For you will agree with me, that there is no likelihood that your wish will be accomplish’d.

“ Contrive an expedient then, replied *Zelida* :” Oh ! said *Sophia*, I am tired of rummaging my brain, I can find none.—To bury one’s self in a country seat, is one way ; but to abandon the pleasures of *Banza*, and renounce life, is what I will never do. I perceive that my Toy will never approve it. “ What is to

“ be done then ? ” What ! to leave all to providence, and laugh, as I do, at what the world will say. I have tried all shifts to reconcile reputation with pleasures : but since it is decreed that we must renounce reputation, let us at least preserve pleasures. We were uniques : but now, my dear, we shall be like a hundred thousand others : do you look on this as a hard fate ?

“ Yes, without doubt, replied *Zeli-*
 “ *da* ; to me it seems hard to be like
 “ those, for whom I had put on a so-
 “ vereign contempt. In order to
 “ avoid this mortification, methinks
 “ I would fly to the world’s end.”

Set out, my dear, continued *Sophia* ; for my part, I stay — But *à propos*, I advise you to furnish yourself with some secret, to prevent your Toy from blabbing on the road.
 “ In-

“ Indeed, replied *Zelida*, plea-
 “ fantry here has a very ill grace,
 “ and your intrepidity”——

You are mistaken, *Zelida*, there is not a grain of intrepidity in my proceeding. To let things go their own way, when we cannot stop them, is resignation. I see that I am to be dishonoured: well then, dishonour for dishonour, I shall spare myself as much of the uneasiness as I can.

“ Dishonour’d, replied *Zelida*,
 “ bursting into tears! Dishonour’d!
 “ What a shock! I cannot bear it.
 “ — Oh! accursed *Bonza*, ’tis thou
 “ that hast ruin’d me. I loved my
 “ husband, I was born virtuous; I
 “ should have loved him still, if
 “ thou hadst not made a wicked use
 “ of thy ministry and my confidence.
 “ Dishonour’d, dear *Sophia*!”——

She had not power to make an end, Sobs intercepted her words,

and she fell on the carpet, quite in despair. As soon as *Zelida* recovered her speech, she cried out in a lamentable tone: Alas! my dear *Sophia*,
 “ I shall die——I must die. No,
 “ I shall never survive my reputation.”

But *Zelida*, my dear *Zelida*, do not be in a hurry to die: perhaps, said *Sophia*——“ No perhaps shall
 “ stop me, I must dye.”——But perhaps one might——“ One might
 “ do nothing, I tell you——But
 “ speak, my dear, what might one
 “ do?”——Perhaps one might hinder a Toy from talking. “ Ah!
 “ *Sophia*, you endeavour to comfort
 “ me by false hopes, you deceive
 “ me.” No, no, I do not deceive you; only hear me, instead of distracting yourself like a mad creature. I have heard talk of *Frenicol*, *Eolipila*, gags and muzzles. “ Pray,
 “ what

“ what connection is there between
 “ *Frenicol*, *Eolipila*, muzzles, and the
 “ danger which threatens us ? What
 “ business has my Toyman here, and
 “ what is a muzzle ? ”

It is this, my dear. A muzzle is
 a machine invented by *Frenicol*, ap-
 proved by the academy, and improv-
 ed by *Eolipila*, who claims the ho-
 nour of the invention. “ But pray,
 “ this machine invented by *Frenicol*,
 “ approved by the academy, and im-
 “ proved by that silly fellow *Eoli-*
 “ *pila*.” ——— Oh ! you are of a
 vivacity that surpasses imagination.
 Well then, this machine being applied
 to a Toy, renders it discreet in spite
 of its teeth. ——— “ Can this be
 “ true, my dear ? ” It is so said.
 “ We must know it, replied *Zelida*,
 “ and immediately too.”

She rang, one of her women ap-
 peared, and she sent for *Frenicol*.

“ Why not for *Eolipila*, said *Sophia* ?”
Frenicol is less taken notice of, answered
Zelida.

The Toyman came away with the
messenger. “ Ah! *Frenicol*, are you
“ there, said *Zelida*, you are wel-
“ come. Make haste, my friend, to
“ extricate two women out of cruel
“ anxiety.” — What is the business,
ladies? Would you please to have
some rare Toys? — “ No, we have
“ two already, and we would wil-
“ lingly” ——— Part with them, I
suppose. Pray, ladies, let me see
them. I will take them, or we will
make an exchange. ——— “ You are
“ mistaken, Mr. *Frenicol*, we have
“ nothing to truck.” ——— Well, I
understand you, you have some
ear-rings, which you would desire to
lose, so as that your husbands may
find them in my shop. ——— “ Not
“ that neither; pray, *Sophia*, inform
“ him

“ him of the matter. *Frenicol*, con-
 “ tinued *Sophia*, we want two —
 “ What, don’t you understand ?” No,
 madam : how would you have me
 understand, when you say nothing ?
 — “ ’Tis, said *Sophia*, because
 “ when a woman is modest, it gives
 “ her pain to speak plain on certain
 “ things.” But yet, replied *Frenicol*,
 she must speak plain. I am a Toy-
 man, not a Conjuror — “ You
 “ must guess however.” — Faith,
 ladies, the more I look on ye, the less
 I comprehend ye. When a lady is
 young, rich, and pretty as you are,
 she is not reduced to artifice : more-
 over, I declare sincerely, that I sell
 them no longer. I have left the deal-
 ing in those baubles to young begin-
 ners in the trade.

Our devouts found the Toyman’s
 mistake so ridiculous, that they both
 burst out into a violent fit of laughter,

“ M ”

G 6

which

which disconcerted him. “ Permit
 “ me, ladies, to make my bow, and
 “ withdraw. You might well have
 “ spared yourselves the trouble of
 “ sending for me three miles off, to
 “ divert yourselves at my cost.” Stop,
 stop, friend, said *Zelida*, still laugh-
 ing on. That was not our inten-
 tion. But by your misapprehending
 us, such ridiculous notions came in-
 to your head. ——— “ ’Tis in your
 “ power, ladies, to put juster into it.
 “ What is the business?” Oh! Mr.
Frenicol, let me laugh at ease, before
 I answer you.

Zelida laugh’d till she panted for
 breath. The Toyman thought within
 himself that she had the vapors, or
 was out of her senses, and had pa-
 tience. At length *Zelida* ceased. ———
 “ Well, said she, the business re-
 “ lates to our Toys, our own
 “ Toys, do you understand me,
 3 “ Mr.

“ Mr. *Frenicol* ? To be sure you can-
 “ not be ignorant, that for some time
 “ past several Toys have prattled like
 “ magpyes : now we would be very
 “ glad that ours would not follow
 “ this bad example.” Ah ! now I
 take it, that is to say, replied *Freni-*
col, that you want a muzzle each. —
 “ Very right, you have hit it off
 “ truly. I have been told that Mr.
 “ *Frenicol* was no fool.” Madam,
 your goodness is very great. As to
 what you require, I have of all sorts,
 I go this moment to bring you some.

Frenicol went accordingly : in the
 mean while *Zelida* embraced her
 friend, and thank'd her for her expe-
 dient : and I, says the *African* au-
 thor, went to take a nap, waiting his
 return.

CHAP.



C H A P. XVIII.

The Toyman's return.

THE Toyman returned, and presented the ladies with two muzzles of the best sort.——“ Ah! “ mercy, cried *Zelida*! What enormous muzzles are these! And who “ are the unhappy women, whom “ these will fit? This is an ell long. “ Indeed, friend, you must certainly “ have taken measure by the Sultan’s “ mare.”—— Yes, said *Sophia* indolently, after having measured them with her fingers, you are in the right; and there is but the Sultan’s mare and old *Rimosa*, for whom these can do. ——“ I protest, ladies, that they “ are of the common size; and that “ *Zelmaida*, *Zyrphila*, *Amiana*, and “ a

“ a hundred other ladies, have of the
 “ same fort.” That is impossible,
 said *Zelida*. ——— “ ’Tis actually so
 “ however, replied *Frenicol*: but
 “ they all said the same thing as ye
 “ have: and as they have, so may
 “ you undeceive yourselves by try-
 “ ing them on.” Mr. *Frenicol*
 may say what he will; but he shall
 never persuade me that this will fit me,
 said *Zelida*; nor this me, said *Sophia*.
 Let him shew us others, if he has
 any.

Frenicol, who had often experienced
 that women are not to be converted
 on that article, shew’d them muzzles
 for the age of thirteen. “ Well,
 “ cried both at the same time, these
 “ are such as we want.” I wish
 they may prove so, whisper’d *Freni-*
col aside. “ How do you sell them,
 “ said *Zelida*?” But ten ducats a
 piece, madam, --- “ Ten ducats, you
 “ for-

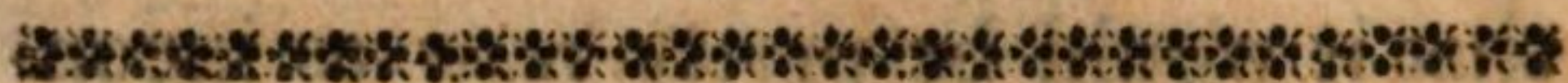
“forget yourself, *Frenicol*.”——Ma-
 dam, that is the price in conscience.
 ——“You make us pay for the
 “novelty.”——I protest, ladies, ’tis
 but two sixpences for a shilling. “I
 “must own they are neatly made,
 “but ten ducats are a great deal of
 “money.”——I’ll abate nothing.----
 “We will go to *Eolipila*’s.”--- You
 may, ladies : but there are workmen
 and workmen, muzzles and muzzles.
Frenicol held firm, and *Zelida* came
 to. She paid for the two muzzles,
 and the Toyman went back, fully
 perswaded that they would be too
 little for them, and would soon be re-
 turned on his hands for a fourth part
 of the price he received for them.
 He was mistaken. *Mangogul* not
 happening to come within reach of
 turning his ring on those two women,
 their Toys were not seized with the
 humor of talking louder than ordi-
 nary ;

nary ; and happily for them : for *Zelida* having tried her muzzle, found it too little by one half. However, she did not part with it, fancying that it would be pretty near as inconvenient to change it, as not to make use of it at all.

These circumstances came to light from one of her women, who told them in confidence to her lover, who related them in confidence to others, who spread them all over *Banza* under the seal of secrecy. Nor was *Frenicol* silent : the adventure of the devouts became public, and for some time afforded employment to the calumniators of *Congo*.

Zelida became inconsolable upon it. This woman, more to be pitied than blamed, conceived an aversion for her *Bramin*, quitted her husband, and shut herself up in a convent. As for *Sophia*, she threw off the mask, despised

spiced censures, patch'd and painted, frequented public places, and had adventures.



C H A P. XIX.

Seventh trial of the Ring.

The stifled Toy.

THO' the female cits of *Banza* doubted whether Toys of their rank would be honoured with the gift of speech; yet they all furnish'd themselves with muzzles. In *Banza* muzzles became as common, as a general court mourning in this country.

Here the *African* author observes with astonishment, that neither the lowness of the price, nor the commonness of muzzles put them out of fashion in the Seraglio. “ This once,
“ says

“ says he, utility got the better of
 “ prejudice.” So trite a reflection
 was not worth the pains of repeating :
 but to me it seems as if it was the de-
 fect of all the ancient authors of *Congo*,
 to fall into repetitions ; whether they
 thereby hoped to give a greater air of
 truth and facility to their productions ;
 or that they were far from having as
 much fecundity of invention as their
 admirers ascribe to them.

However that be, one day *Man-
 gogul*, walking in his gardens, attend-
 ed by his whole court, took the mag-
 got to level his ring at *Zelais*. She
 was handsome, and suspected of se-
 veral adventures : yet her Toy did no
 more than stammer, and utter'd only
 some few mangled words, which had
 no meaning, and which the Blasters
 interpreted as they thought fit.——
 Pshuh ! says the Sultan, here is a
 Toy that has a vast impediment of
 speech.

speech. Most certainly there must be somewhat that impedes its respiration. Wherefore he applied his ring more intensely. The Toy made a second effort to speak ; and in some measure surmounting the obstacle, that stop'd its mouth, these words were heard very distinctly. “ Alas !
 “ alas ! — I am — I am — I am stifled. I can no more. — Alas ! alas !
 “ I am stifled.”

Immediately *Zelais* found herself going : she grew pale, her neck swell'd, and she fell, with her eyes shut and mouth half open, between the arms of those who stood around her.

Any where else *Zelais* would have been speedily relieved. Twas only debarrassing her of her muzzle, and allowing her Toy a freedom of respiration : but how to lend the helping hand in *Mangogul's* presence. “ Quick,
 “ quick,

“ quick, physicians, cried the Sultan, *Zelais* is dying.”

Some pages ran to the palace, and returned, with the doctors gravely marching after them. *Orcotomus* was at their head. Some gave their opinion for bleeding, others for the *kermes mineral*; but the penetrating *Orcotomus* ordered *Zelais* to be carried to a neighbouring closet, examined her, and cut the braces of her harness. This muzzled Toy was one of those, which he boasted to have seen in the paroxysm.

However, the bloating was excessive, and *Zelais* would have continued to suffer, had not the Sultan had pity on her condition. He turn'd off his ring, the fluids return'd to their equilibrium. *Zelais* came to herself, and *Orcotomus* assumed the honour of this miraculous cure.

Ze-

Zelais's accident and her physician's indiscretion, made the muzzles lose much of their credit. *Orcotomus*, without any regard to *Eolipila's* interest, proposed to himself to raise his own fortune on the ruins of the others; advertised himself as a patentee physician of Toys that had caught cold: and some of his bills are to be seen at this day in the by-streets. He began by getting money, and ended by falling into contempt. The Sultan took pleasure in lowering the presumption of the empiric. Did *Orcotomus* boast of silencing a Toy that had never utter'd a word? *Mangogul* had the cruelty to make it speak. People went so far as to remark, that any Toy that was tired of silence, need only have two or three visits from *Orcotomus*. In a little time he was rank'd with *Eolipila* in the class of quacks; and they will both continue therein, un-
till

till it shall please *Brama* to take them out.

Shame was preferred to the apoplexy. The one kills, said the women, the other does not. Wherefore they renounced their muzzles; let their Toys talk on; and no body died thereby.



CHAP. XX.

Eighth trial of the Ring.

The VAPORS.

THERE was a time, as we have seen, when the women dreaded the prating of their Toys, were stifled, and died away: but another succeeded, when they set themselves above this dread, threw away their muzzles, and had nothing beyond the vapors.

The favorite, among her attendants, had a very singular young lady. Her humour was charming, tho' uneven. She changed countenance ten times a day ; but whatever face she put on, was pleasing. Unique in her melancholy, as well as in her gaiety, there slip'd from her, in her most extravagant moments, things of exquisite sense ; and in her fits of sadness she uttered very diverting extravagances.

Mirzoza was so used to *Callirhoe* (for that is the name of this young mad girl) that she could hardly be without her. One time that the Sultan complain'd to the favorite of somewhat restless and cold, which he remark'd in her ; “ Prince, said she, “ embarrassed at his reproach, without my three beasts, my nightingale, “ my lap-dog and *Callirhoe*, I am “ good for nothing ; and you see “ that I have not the last.” And why
is

is she not here, said *Mangogul*? —

“ I can’t tell, answered *Mirzoza* ;

“ but I remember, that some months

“ ago she told me, that if *Mazul*

“ made the campaign, she could not

“ avoid having the vapors ; and

“ *Mazul* set out yesterday.” I easily

excuse her, said the Sultan : for I look

on her vapors to be well grounded.

But upon what account do a hundred

other women take it into their heads

to be vapor’d, who have young

husbands, and besides take care to be

well provided with lovers? “ Prince,

“ answered a courtier, ’tis a fashion-

“ able disease. It is genteel in a

“ woman to have the vapors. With-

“ out a lover and the vapors, she

“ knows nothing of the world : and

“ there is not a citizen’s wife in *Ban-*

“ *za*, who does not affect to have

“ them.”

H

Man-

Mangogul smiled, and resolved to visit some of these vaporish women immediately. He went directly to *Salica's* house, and found her in bed, with her neck quite bare, her eyes flaming, and her hair dishevel'd; and at her bed's side the little stammering hump-back'd physician *Farfadi*, telling her stories: while she was stretching out, now one arm, then another, yawning, sighing, putting her hand to her head, and exclaiming bitterly: alas I can't bear it — throw the windows open — give me air — I shall faint, I shall dye. —

Mangogul took advantage of the moment that her affrighted women were assisting *Farfadi* in lightening the bed-cloaths, to turn his ring on her, and instantly these words were heard: “ Oh! how tired I am of
 “ this humor! behold, madam has
 “ taken into her noddle to have the
 “ vapors.

“ vapors. This farce will last eight
 “ days at least, and may I dye, if I
 “ know the cause : for after *Farfadi*’s
 “ efforts to ferret out this disease, I
 “ think it is in the wrong to conti-
 “ nue.”—Good, said the Sultan turn-
 ing off his ring, I understand. This
 dame has the vapors in favor of her
 physician. Let us try elsewhere.

He went from *Salica*’s house to that
 of *Arsinoe*, which is not far from it.
 On entering her chambers he heard
 loud bursts of laughter, and advanced,
 thinking to find her in company :
 but she was alone ; and *Mangogul*
 was not much surprized. “ A wo-
 “ man who gives herself the vapors,
 “ says he, gives them melancholy or
 “ merry, as is most convenient.”
 He turn’d his ring on her, and pre-
 sently her Toy began to laugh un-
 mercifully. From these immoderate
 laughing fits it made a sudden transi-

tion to ridiculous lamentations on the absence of *Narces*, whom it advised as a friend to hasten his return ; and continued to sob, weep, groan, sigh, and be comfortless, as if it had buried all its relations.

The Sultan, who could hardly refrain from laughing aloud at so whimsical an affliction, turn'd off his ring and departed ; leaving *Arsinoe* and her Toy to lament at leisure, and inferring the falsity of the proverb.



C H A P.



C H A P. XXI.

Ninth Trial of the Ring.

Of Things lost and found.

*To serve as a Supplement to the learned
Treatise of Pancirollus, and to the
Memoirs of the Academy of Inscrip-
tions.*

M*Angogul* returning to his palace, pondering on the ridiculous airs which women give themselves, found himself, whether thro' absence of mind, or some blunder of his ring, under the portico of the sumptuous building, which *Thelis* has decorated with the rich spoils of her lovers. He embraced the opportunity, to interrogate her Toy.

Tbelis was the wife of the Emir *Sambuco*, whose ancestors had reign'd in *Guinea*. *Sambuco* had acquired a high reputation in *Congo*, by five or six signal victories, which he had gain'd over *Erguebzed's* enemies. As he was not a less able negotiator than a great captain, he had been employ'd in embassies of the greatest consequence, and executed his high trust with superior talents. On his return from *Loango* he saw *Tbelis*, and was smitten. He was then upon the brink of fifty, and *Tbelis* was not above twenty-five. She was rather agreeable than a beauty: the women said she was well enough, and the men thought her charming. Powerful matches sought her; but whether she had already fix'd her notions, or that there was too great a disproportion of fortune between her and her admirers, they were all rejected. *Sambuco* saw her,

her, laid at her feet immense riches, a great name, laurels, and titles inferior to none but those of sovereigns, and obtain'd her.

Thelis was, or appear'd virtuous for six whole weeks after her marriage. But a Toy born voluptuous, seldom conquers itself; and a quinquagenarian husband, tho' otherwise ever so great a hero, is a madman, if he flatters himself with conquering such an enemy. Altho' *Thelis* mix'd prudence with her conduct, her first adventures were not unknown. This was sufficient for supposing afterwards, that she had others undisclosed: and *Mangogul*, desirous of full information, hastened to pass from the porch of her palace into her apartment.

It was then the middle of summer. The heat was excessive, and *Thelis*, after dining, had thrown herself on a couch, in a back closet

adorned with glasse and paintings. She was a-sleep, her hand leaning on a collection of *Persian* tales, which had lull'd her to repose.

Mangogul view'd her some time, allowed that she had charms, and turn'd his ring on her. “ I remember it as perfectly as if it had been yesterday : nine proofs of love in four hours. Ah ! what moments ! *Zermounzaid* is a divine man ! He is not the old frozen *Sambuco*. — Dear *Zermounzaid*, I had been ignorant of true pleasures, real good : you alone made me sensible of them.”

Mangogul, desirous of learning the particulars of *Thelis*'s commerce with *Zermounzaid*, which the Toy kept from him, by dwelling on what affects a Toy the most feelingly, rubb'd the stone of his ring for some time against his waistcoat, and levell'd it, quite

quite sparkling with light, at *Tbelis*. Its influence soon reach'd her Toy, which being thereby better informed of what was required of it, re-assumed its discourse in a more historical strain.

“ *Sambuco* commanded the *Monoe-*
 “ *mugian* army, and I followed him
 “ to the field. *Zermounzaid* served
 “ under him in quality of a colonel,
 “ and the general, who honoured him
 “ with his confidence, had put us
 “ under his escort. The zealous *Zer-*
 “ *mounzaid* did not abandon his post:
 “ he thought it too pleasing, to re-
 “ sign it: and the danger of losing
 “ it was the only one he fear'd during
 “ the whole campaign.

“ While we were in winter quar-
 “ ters, I entertained a few new guests;
 “ *Cacil, Fekia, Almamoun, Fasub, Se-*
 “ *lim, Manzora, Nereskim*, all mi-
 “ litary men, who were commended

“ by *Zermounzaid*, but were inferior
 “ to him. The credulous *Sambuco*
 “ relied for his wife’s virtue on her-
 “ self, and on *Zermounzaid*’s care :
 “ and being entirely taken up with
 “ the immense business of the war,
 “ and the great operations which he
 “ was meditating for the glory of
 “ *Congo*, he never had the least suspi-
 “ cion either of the treachery of
 “ *Zermounzaid*, or the infidelity of
 “ *Tbelis*.

“ The war continued ; the armies
 “ took the field, and we our litters.
 “ As they went a very slow pace,
 “ the main body of the army gain’d
 “ ground of us, and we found our-
 “ selves in the rear, which *Zermoun-*
 “ *zaid* commanded. This gallant
 “ youth, whom the sight of the great-
 “ est dangers had never made to
 “ swerve a foot from the path of
 “ glory, could not resist that of
 “ plea-

“ pleasure. He entrusted a subaltern
 “ with the care of watching the mo-
 “ tions of the enemy, who harraſſed
 “ us ; and got up into our litter :
 “ but he was hardly there, when we
 “ heard a confuſed noiſe of arms and
 “ outcries. *Zermounzaid*, leaving his
 “ buſineſs half done, attempts to
 “ jump out : but he is level’d with
 “ the ground, and we become a prey
 “ to the conqueror.

“ Thus I began by ſwallowing up
 “ the honor and ſervices of an of-
 “ ficer, who from his valour and me-
 “ rit might have expected the higheſt
 “ military employments, if he had
 “ never known his general’s wife.
 “ Upwards of three thouſand men
 “ fell in this action ; and therefore of
 “ ſo many good ſubjects have we
 “ robb’d the nation.”

Let any one, if he can, imagine
Mangogul’s ſurprize at this diſcourſe.

He had heard *Zermounzaid's* funeral oration, and did not know him by these features. His father *Erguebzed* had regretted this officer: the news papers, after lavishing the highest eulogies on his fine retreat, had attributed his defeat and death to the enemy's superior numbers, which, as they said, were found to be six to one. All *Congo* had lamented a man, who had done his duty so well. His wife obtain'd a pension: his regiment was given to his eldest son, and an ecclesiastical preferment promised to his younger.

What horror, cried *Mangogul*, but softly! A husband dishonor'd, the state betray'd, subjects sacrificed, crimes not only concealed, but even rewarded as virtues: and all that for a Toy.

Thelis's Toy, which had stopt to take breath, continued: “ Thus am
“ I

“ I abandoned to the enemy’s dis-
 “ cretion. A regiment of dragoons
 “ was ready to fall upon us. *Thelis*
 “ seem’d quite frightened, and yet
 “ wish’d nothing more ardently :
 “ but the charms of the prey sowed
 “ discord among the plunderers. The
 “ scimiters were drawn, and thirty
 “ or forty men were massacred in
 “ the twinkling of an eye. The
 “ noise of this disorder reach’d the
 “ general officer. He ran thither,
 “ calmed the furious foldiers, and
 “ sequestrated us under a tent ; where
 “ we had not time to know our-
 “ selves, when he came and demand-
 “ ed the price of his good services.
 “ Woe to the vanquished, cried *The-*
 “ *lis*, falling backward on a bed :
 “ and the whole night was spent in
 “ feeling her misfortune.

“ The next day we found ourselves
 “ on the banks of the *Niger*. A
 “ faick

“ faick was waiting for us, and my
 “ mistress and I set out, in order to
 “ be presented to the emperor of
 “ *Benin*. In this twenty-four hours
 “ voyage the captain of the vessel
 “ offer’d himself to *Tbelis*, and was
 “ accepted : and I found by expe-
 “ rience, that the sea service is infi-
 “ nitely brisker than the land ser-
 “ vice.

“ We saw the emperor of *Benin*.
 “ He was young, ardent, voluptu-
 “ ous. *Tbelis* made a conquest of
 “ him : but those of her husband af-
 “ frightened the monarch. He de-
 “ manded peace : and the price, at
 “ which he purchased it, was but
 “ three provinces and my ransom.

“ Different times, different fa-
 “ tiques. *Sambuco* came to know,
 “ I can’t tell how, the reason of the
 “ misfortunes of the preceding cam-
 “ paign ; and during this, he depo-
 “ sited

“ fited me with a friend of his, a
 “ chief of the *Bramins*, on the fron-
 “ tiers. The holy man made but a
 “ weak defence : he was ensnared by
 “ the wiles of *Thelis*, and in less
 “ than six months devoured his
 “ immense income, three lakes and
 “ two forests.

Mercy, cried *Mangogul*, three lakes
 and two forests ! What an appetite
 for a Toy !

“ ’Tis a mere trifle, resumed the
 “ Toy. Peace was made, and *Thelis*
 “ accompanied her husband in his
 “ embassy to *Monomotapa*. She gamed,
 “ and very fairly lost a hundred thou-
 “ sand sequins in one day, which I
 “ won back again in an hour. A
 “ minister, whose master’s affairs did
 “ not fill up all his time, fell into
 “ my clutches ; and in three or four
 “ months I eat him up a fine landed
 “ estate, together with his castle well
 “ fur-

“ furnish’d, a park, and equipage,
 “ with the little pyed horses. A favor
 “ of four minutes duration, but well
 “ spun out, brought us in feasts,
 “ presents and jewels : and the blind
 “ or politic *Sambuco* did not disturb
 “ us.

“ I shall not bring into the ac-
 “ compt, added the Toy, the mar-
 “ quifats, counties, titles, coats of
 “ arms, &c. which have been eclips-
 “ ed at my appearance. Apply to
 “ my secretary, who will tell you what
 “ is become of them. I have close-
 “ pared the horns of the dominions
 “ of *Biafara*, and am in possession
 “ of an entire province of *Beleguanza*.
 “ *Erguebzed* made overtures to me a
 “ little before his death.” At these
 words *Mangogul* turn’d off his ring,
 and silenced this gulph : he respected
 his father’s memory, and would hear
 nothing that might tarnish the splen-
 do

dor of the great qualities, which he knew were in him.

Returning to the seraglio, he entertained the favorite with the vapored ladies, and with the trial of his ring on *Tbelis*. “ You admit this woman, “ said he, to your familiarity : but in “ all probability you do not know “ her as well as I.” I understand you, sir, answered the Sultana. “ Her “ Toy has perhaps been foolish “ enough to give you a narrative of “ her adventures with the general *Mi-* “ *cokof*, the Emir *Feridour*, the se- “ nator *Marsupha*, and the great *Bra-* “ *min Ramanadanutio*. But pray, “ who is ignorant, that she keeps “ young *Alamir*, and that old *Sam-* “ *buco*, who speaks not a word, is as “ well apprized of it as you.”

You have not hit the mark, replied *Mangogul*. I have compell’d her Toy to make a full discharge. “ Had it “ swallow.

“ swallowed any thing of yours, said
 “ *Mirzoza.*” No, said the Sultan,
 but much belonging to my subjects,
 to the grandees of my empire, to
 the neighbouring potentates; as estates,
 provinces, castles, lakes, forests, dia-
 monds, equipages, with the little pyed
 horses. “ Without reckoning their
 “ reputation and virtue, sir, added
 “ *Mirzoza.* I cannot tell what be-
 “ nefit you will reap by your ring;
 “ but the more you try it, the more
 “ odious my sex becomes to me:
 “ even those, whom I thought I just-
 “ ly held in some esteem, are not
 “ expected. They have thrown me
 “ me into such an humor, that I beg
 “ your highness will allow me to in-
 “ dulse it alone for some moments.”
Mangogul, who knew that the favo-
 rite was an enemy to all constraint,
 kifs’d her right ear thrice, and re-
 tired.



C H A P. XXII.

A Sketch of Mangogul's moral Philosophy.

*M*angogul, impatient to see the favorite again, slept little, arose earlier than usual, and was in her apartment before sun-rising. She had already rung the bell: a servant had just opened the curtains, and her women were preparing to dress her. The Sultan look'd narrowly around her, and seeing never a dog, he asked her the reason of this oddity. "I see, answered *Mirzoza*, that you think me singular in this article, but there is nothing in it." I assure you, replied the Sultan, that I see dogs about all the women of my court, and you will oblige me in inform-

forming me why they have them, or why you have none. Most of them have several, and not one of them but lavishes such caresses on her own, as she seems not to bestow on her lover without some difficulty. How come these beasts to deserve the preference? What use is made of them?

Mirzoza was puzzled at these questions: however, she made this answer. “ To be sure, one keeps a dog
 “ as a parrot or a canary bird. It may
 “ be ridiculous to set one’s heart on
 “ these animals; but there is no-
 “ thing wonderful in having them:
 “ they sometimes amuse, and never
 “ injure. If they are caressed, ’tis
 “ because such caresses are of no con-
 “ sequence. Besides, do you be-
 “ lieve, prince, that a lover is satis-
 “ fied with a kiss, such as a woman
 “ bestows on her pug-dog?” Doubt-
 less, I believe it, says the Sultan. By
 Ju-

Jupiter the man must be very nice, who would not be satisfied.

One of *Mirzoza's* women, who had gain'd the good will of the Sultan and his favorite by sweetness of temper, good parts, and zeal, said:
 “ These animals are inconvenient and
 “ nasty : they dirty one's clothes,
 “ spoil the furniture, tare laces, and
 “ do more mischief in a quarter of
 “ an hour, than would be sufficient
 “ to throw the most faithful lady's
 “ woman into disgrace : and yet they
 “ are kept.”

Tho', according to madam, they are good for nothing but that, added the Sultan.

“ Prince, said *Mirzoza*, we stick
 “ to our fancies, and the keeping of
 “ dogs must be one, like many
 “ others, which would be no longer
 “ fancies, if we could give a reason
 “ for them. The reign of monkeys
 “ is

“ is past, the parrots still support
 “ themselves. Dogs fell, and now
 “ they rise again. Squirrels have
 “ had their time : and it is with ani-
 “ mals, as it has successively been with
 “ *Italian, English*, geometry, far-
 “ thingales, and furbela's.”

Mirzoza, replied the Sultan, shak-
 ing his head, has not all the know-
 ledge that may be acquired on this
 subject ; and the Toys——

“ Is not your highness going to ima-
 “ gine, said the favorite, that you
 “ will be inform'd by *Haria's* Toy,
 “ why that woman, who saw her son,
 “ one of her daughters, and her hus-
 “ band, die without shedding a tear,
 “ wept the loss of her lap-dog for a
 “ whole fortnight”.

Why not, replied *Mangogul* ?

“ Truly, says *Mirzoza*, if our
 “ Toys could explain all our whims,
 “ they

“ they would be more knowing than
 “ ourselves.”

Pray, who disputes that with you, replied the Sultan? For my part I believe that the Toy makes a woman do a hundred things, without her perceiving it: and I have remark'd on more occasions than one, that a woman, who thought she was following her head, was obeying her Toy. A great philosopher placed the soul, I mean ours, in the pineal gland. If I allowed women to have one, I well know where I would place it.

“ I excuse you from informing
 “ me, rejoin'd *Mirzoza* hastily.”

But you will permit me at least, said *Mangogul*, to communicate some notions to you, which my ring has suggested to me concerning women, upon a supposition that they have a soul. The experiments, which I have made with my ring, have made me a great

moralist. I have neither the wit of *La Bruyere*, nor the logic of *Port Royal*, nor the imagination of *Montagne*, nor the wisdom of *Charron*: but I have collected facts, to which perhaps they were strangers.

“ Speak, prince, answered *Mir-
zoza* ironically, I will hear you
“ with all my ears. Moral essays of a
“ Sultan of your age must be some-
“ thing curious.”

The system of *Orcotomus* is extravagant, with the leave of his fellow academician *Hiragu*: yet I find some sense in the answers which he gave to the objections started against it. If I allowed a soul to women, I would willingly suppose with him, that Toys have spoken from the beginning, but softly: and that the effect of the Genius *Cucufa*'s ring is reduced to raising their voice. Upon this foundation

no-

nothing can be more easy than to define the whole sex.

The sober woman, for example, would be she whose Toy is silent, or is not attended to.

The prude, she who pretends not to listen to her Toy.

The intriguing woman, she whose Toy desires a great deal, and who allows it too much.

The voluptuous, she who gives ear to her Toy with complaisance.

The courtesan, she on whom her Toy is making demands every moment, and who refuses it nothing.

The coquette, she whose Toy is mute, or is not attended to ; but who gives hopes to all the men that come near her, that her Toy will speak one day or other, and it may happen that she will not lend it a deaf ear.

Well, delight of my soul, what do you think of my definitions ? “ I

I

“ think,

“ think, said the favorite, that your
 “ highness has forgot the tender wo-
 “ man.”

If I have not mentioned her, answered the Sultan, 'tis because I don't know what the term means ; and that some able men pretend, that the word tender, abstracting from all connection with the Toy, is void of sense.

“ How, void of sense, cried *Mir-*
 “ *zoza*. What ! there is no medium
 “ then ; and a woman must absolutely
 “ be a prude, an intriguer, a co-
 “ quette, a voluptuous woman, or a
 “ libertin.”

Delight of my soul, said the Sultan, I am willing to own the inaccuracy of my enumeration, and will add the tender woman to the preceding characters ; but on condition that you will furnish me with a definition of her, which will not coincide with any of mine.

“ Most

“ Most willingly, said *Mirzoza*.
 “ I hope to compass it without quit-
 “ ting your system.”

Let us see, added *Mangogul*.

“ Well then, replied the favorite—
 “ a tender woman is she”——

Courage, *Mirzoza*, said *Mango-*
gul.

“ Oh! I beg you won't disturb me.

“ The tender woman is she ——

“ who has loved without a word ut-

“ ter'd by her Toy, or—— whose

“ Toy has never spoke, but in favor of

“ the single man whom she loved.”

It would not have been polite in the Sultan to chicane the favorite, and ask her what she understood by love: wherefore he avoided it. *Mirzoza* took his silence for consent, and proceeded, proud of having extricated herself from a difficulty, which to her appeared considerable. “ Ye men
 “ believe, because we do not argue

“ in form, that we do not reason.
 “ Know once for all, that we could
 “ as easily discover the falsity of your
 “ paradoxes, as ye that of our rea-
 “ sonings, if we would give our-
 “ selves the trouble. If your high-
 “ ness was less in a hurry to satisfy
 “ your curiosity on the subject of
 “ lap-dogs, I would in my turn give
 “ you a scrap of my philosophy. But
 “ it shall not be lost : I will reserve it
 “ for one of those days, that you
 “ will have more time to bestow on
 “ me.”

Mangogul assured her that he had
 no better business, than to profit of
 her philosophical notions ; that the
 metaphysics of a Sultana of twenty
 two, ought not to be less singular
 than the morals of a Sultan of his age.

But *Mirzoza* apprehending that this
 was pure complaisance in *Mangogul*,
 begg'd some time to prepare, and thus
 gave



gave the Sultan a pretext for flying
whither his impatience might call him.



C H A P. XXIII.

Tenth trial of the Ring.

The Dogs.

*M*Angogul went immediately to
Haria's house ; and as he took
pleasure in soliloquy, he said within
himself : “ This woman never goes
“ to bed without her four dogs, and
“ either Toys know nothing of those
“ animals, or her's will give me
“ some account of them ; for, thank
“ God, 'tis well known that she loves
“ her dogs to admiration.” At the
end of this monology he found him-
self in *Haria's* anti-chamber, and his
olfactory organ already informed him
of madam having her usual company

in bed with her. These were a little shag-dog, a spaniel, and two pug-dogs. The Sultan drew out his snuff-box, took two pinches of *Spanish* by way of preservative, and approached *Haria*. She was asleep, but the pack, who were upon the watch, hearing some noise, fell to barking, and woke her. “Peace, my children, said she, “but in so mild a tone, that she could “not be suspected of speaking to her “daughters, go to sleep, go to sleep, “and don’t disturb my rest nor your “own.”

Haria was formerly young and pretty. She had had lovers of her own rank, but they all disappear’d even sooner than her charms. By way of comforting herself for this desertion, she gave into a whimsical sort of pomp, and her footmen were the handsomest fellows in *Banza*. She
grew

grew older and older, and years threw her into œconomy : she restrained herself to four dogs and two *Bramins*, and became a model of edification. And surely the most envenom'd satyr could find no room to carp at this management ; and for above ten years *Haria* was in peaceful possession of a high reputation of virtue, and of those animals. Nay, her tenderneſs for the pug-dogs was ſo well known, that the *Bramins* were no longer ſuſpected of ſharing it.

Haria renewed her intreaty to thoſe beaſts, and they had the complaiſance to obey. Then *Mangogul* applied his ring, and the ſuperannuated Toy ſet about relating the laſt of its adventures. It was ſuch a vaſt while ſince the firſt were atchieved, that it had almoſt loſt the very remembrance of them. “ Withdraw, *Pompey*, it ſaid with a
“ hoarſe voice, you fatigue me. I

“ like *Dido* better ; I find her more
 “ gentle.” *Pompey*, who was absolutely ignorant of the Toy’s voice, went on in his own way : but *Haria* awaking, continued. “ Get away,
 “ then, you little rogue, you hinder
 “ me from taking rest. That is well
 “ some times : but too much is too
 “ much.” *Pompey* withdrew, *Dido* took his place, and *Haria* fell asleep.

Mangogul, who had suspended the energy of his ring, turn’d it on, and the antiquated Toy, uttering a deep sigh, fell to jabbering, and said :
 “ Alas ! how I am grieved for the
 “ death of my large grey-hound ;
 “ she was the best little wife, the most
 “ caressing creature : she never ceased
 “ giving amusement. She was so sensible,
 “ so genteel. Ye are but beasts
 “ in comparifon of her. That naughty
 “ master of mine killed her. ———
 “ Poor *Zinzolina*, I never think of
 “ her,

“ her, without watering my plants.
 “ I thought it would have been the
 “ death of my mistress. She neither
 “ eat nor drank for two days, and
 “ narrowly escaped losing her senses.
 “ Judge of her sorrow : her director,
 “ her friends, nay her very pug-dogs
 “ were kept from me. Orders were
 “ issued to her women to refuse the
 “ door of her apartment to my ma-
 “ ster, under the penalty of being
 “ turn’d off.——That monster has
 “ robb’d me of my dear *Zinzolina*,
 “ cried she ; let him not appear be-
 “ fore me, I am resolved never to see
 “ him more.”

Mangogul, curious of learning the
 circumstances of *Zinzolina*’s death,
 revived the electrical power of his ring
 by rubbing it on the skirt of his dou-
 blet, pointed it at *Haria*, and the Toy
 resumed : “ *Haria*, *Ramadec*’s widow,

“ coiffed herself with *Sindor*. This
 “ youth was of good birth, had no
 “ other fortune, but a certain merit
 “ which pleases the sex, and was, after
 “ dogs, *Haría*’s predominant taste.
 “ *Sindor*’s indigence conquered his
 “ repugnance to *Haría*’s years and
 “ dogs. Twenty thousand crowns a
 “ year blinded his eyes with regard to
 “ the wrinkles of his mistress, and the
 “ inconveniency of the pug-dogs ;
 “ and he married her.

“ He was in hopes of getting the
 “ better of our beasts by his talents,
 “ and complaisant behavior ; and to
 “ bring them into disgrace from the
 “ very commencement of his reign ;
 “ but he was deceived. After the ex-
 “ piration of some months, when he
 “ thought he had merited much by his
 “ services ; he took into his head to
 “ remonstrate to madam, that her
 “ dogs were not as good company in
 “ bed

“ bed for him as for her ; that it was
 “ ridiculous to have more than three ;
 “ and that to admit more than one at
 “ a time, was turning the nuptial bed
 “ into a kennel.

“ I advise you, said *Haria*, in a
 “ furious tone, to attack me with
 “ such speeches. Truly it well be-
 “ comes a pitiful younger son from
 “ *Gascony*, whom I have taken from a
 “ garret, which was not good enough
 “ for my dogs, to give himself airs of
 “ nicety ! To be sure, your sheets
 “ were perfumed, my little squire,
 “ when you dwelt in furnish’d lodg-
 “ ings. Know this once for all, that
 “ my dogs were long before you in
 “ possession of my bed, and that you
 “ may choose either to quit it, or
 “ be content to share it with them.

“ The declaration was peremptory,
 “ and our dogs remain’d masters of
 “ their post. But one night, as we

“ were all asleep, *Sindor*, in turning
 “ unluckily kick’d *Zinzolina*. The
 “ hound, not used to such treatment,
 “ bit the calf of his leg ; and ma-
 “ dam was immediately awaked by
 “ *Sindor*’s cries. What is the matter
 “ with you, Sir, one would think
 “ your throat was cutting : you
 “ dream. It is your dogs, madam,
 “ that devour me, and your grey-
 “ hound has just torn off a piece of
 “ my leg. Is that all, says *Haria*,
 “ turning from him ? You make a
 “ vast noise for nothing.”

Sindor, piqued at this discourse,
 jump’d out of bed, swearing that he
 would never set his foot in it again,
 till the pack was banish’d thence. He
 employ’d friends, in order to obtain
 the exile of the dogs : but they all
 failed in that important negotiation.
 “ *Haria*’s answer to them was, that
 “ *Sindor* was a knight of the post,
 “ whom

“ whom she had drawn out of a
 “ cock-loft, which he shared with
 “ rats and mice ; that it ill became
 “ him to be fo nice ; that he slept the
 “ whole night long ; that she loved
 “ her dogs ; that they amused her ;
 “ that from her infancy she had taken
 “ a liking to their careffes ; and that
 “ she was refolved never to deprive
 “ herfelf of them till death. Tell
 “ him befides, continued she, ad-
 “ dressing the mediators, that if he
 “ does not humbly fubmit to my will,
 “ he will repent it while he lives ;
 “ that I will retract the donation I
 “ have made him, and will add it to
 “ the fums which I have bequeathed
 “ by my will, for the fupport of my
 “ dear children.

“ Between you and me, added the
 “ Toy, *Sindor* must have been a
 “ great fool, to hope that she would
 “ do for him, what could not be ob-
 “ tained

“ tained by twenty lovers, a director,
 “ a confessor, with a legion of *Bra-*
 “ *mins*, who had all lost their *Latin*
 “ on that head. Mean while, as often
 “ as *Sindor* met our animals, he was
 “ seized with such fits of passion, as
 “ he could hardly conquer. One day
 “ the unfortunate *Zinzolina* fell in his
 “ way. He took her by the neck,
 “ and threw her out of the window.
 “ The poor creature was kill’d by the
 “ fall. Then it was, that a fine noise
 “ was made. *Haria*, with inflamed
 “ countenance, and eyes bathed in
 “ tears——

The Toy was going to repeat what
 it had already told ; for Toys willing-
 ly fall into repetitions : but *Mangogul*
 cut its words short. Its silence was
 not of long duration : when the prince
 thought he had put this doting Toy
 out of its road, he restored it the free-
 dom of speech ; and the Tatler,
 burst-

bursting out into a loud laugh, re-
 sumed by way of recollection : “ But
 “ *à propos*, I forgot to tell you what
 “ pass’d on *Haria*’s wedding-night.
 “ I have seen a power of ridiculous
 “ things in my life, but never one that
 “ came up to this. After a splendid
 “ supper, the bride and bridegroom
 “ were conducted to their apartment.
 “ Every body retired except madam’s
 “ women who undress her : she is un-
 “ dress’d, put to bed, and *Sindor*
 “ alone remains with her. Observing
 “ that the shag-dog, the two pugs,
 “ and the grey-hound, more alert
 “ than himself, were taking posses-
 “ sion of his bride ; permit me, ma-
 “ dam, he said, to remove these ri-
 “ vals a little. My dear, do what
 “ you can, answered *Haria* : for my
 “ part, I have not the courage to
 “ drive them away ; these little ani-
 “ mals

“ mals are so attached to me ; and I
 “ have been so long without any
 “ other company. Perhaps, replied
 “ *Sindor*, they will have the polite-
 “ ness this night to surrender the fort
 “ to me, which I must take possession
 “ of. Try, sir, said *Haria*.

“ At first *Sindor* tried gentle means,
 “ and pray'd *Zinzolina* to retire to a
 “ corner. But the untractable ani-
 “ mal fell to growling: the allarm
 “ spread among the rest of the troop ;
 “ and the pug-dogs and shag-dog
 “ bark'd as if their mistress's throat was
 “ cutting. *Sindor*, losing all patience
 “ at this noise, tosses away one of the
 “ pugs, drives off the other, and
 “ seizes *Pompey* by the paw. *Pom-*
 “ *pey*, the faithful *Pompey*, abandoned
 “ by his allies, endeavour'd to repair
 “ this loss by the advantages of the
 “ post. Fix'd on his mistress's thighs,
 “ with eyes inflamed, hair standing
 “ an

“ an end, and open mouth, he grin’d,
 “ and shew’d the enemy two rows of
 “ very sharp teeth. *Sindor* made se-
 “ veral assaults on him, and *Pompey*
 “ repell’d him as often, with bitten
 “ fingers and torn ruffles. The action
 “ lasted above a quarter of an hour
 “ with an obstinacy which gave di-
 “ version to none but *Haria*; when
 “ *Sindor* had recourse to a stratagem
 “ against an enemy, whom he de-
 “ spaired conquering by force. He
 “ provoked *Pompey* with the right
 “ hand. *Pompey* watching this mo-
 “ tion, did not observe that of the
 “ left, and was seized by the neck.
 “ He made most vigorous efforts to
 “ disengage himself, but in vain. He
 “ was obliged to quit the field of
 “ battle, and surrender up *Haria*.
 “ *Sindor* took possession of her, but
 “ not without effusion of blood: in
 “ all likelihood *Haria* had resolved
 “ that

“ that her wedding-night should be
 “ a bloody one : her animals made a
 “ good defence, and disappointed not
 “ her expectations.”

There, says *Mangogul*, is a Toy,
 that could write a *Gazette* better than
 my secretary. And now well know-
 ing what notions to form of lap
 dogs, he return'd to the favorite.

“ Prepare yourself, said he, as
 “ soon as he saw her, to hear the
 “ most extravagant things in the
 “ world. 'Tis much worse than the
 “ baboons of *Palabria*. Could you
 “ believe, that *Haria's* four dogs
 “ were the rivals, and the preferred
 “ rivals of her husband ; and that the
 “ death of a greyhound has raised a
 “ quarrel between that couple, never
 “ to be made up.”

What do you say, replied the fa-
 vorite, of rivals and dogs. I am quite
 in the dark. I know that *Haria* loves
 her

her dogs excessively ; but I know at the same time that *Sindor* is a hot-temper'd man, who perhaps did not use all that complaisance, which women require, to whom a man owes his fortune. But yet, whatever has been his conduct, I cannot conceive that it has drawn rivals on him. *Harria* is so venerable, that I could wish your highness would vouchsafe to explain yourself more intelligibly.

Listen, says *Mangogul*, and agree that women have excessively whimsical tastes, to say nothing worse ; then he related *Harria*'s history to her word for word, as the Toy had told it. *Mirzoza* could not refrain from laughter at the first night's battle : but presently resuming a serious air : “ I
 “ can't tell, said she to *Mangogul*,
 “ what indignation seizes me. I shall
 “ have an aversion for these animals
 “ and all those who keep any, and I
 “ shall

“ shall declare to my women that I
 “ will turn off the first, who shall
 “ be even suspected of having a lap-
 “ dog.”

Pray, replied the Sultan, why will you extend your hatred so far? You women are always upon extremes. These animals are good for hunting, are necessary in the country, and have many other uses, without reckoning that which *Haria* makes of them.

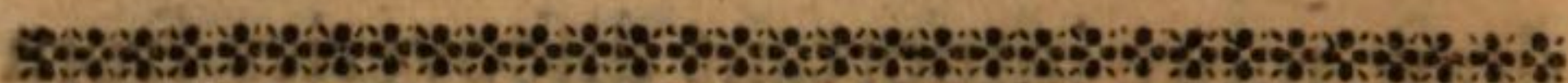
In truth, said *Mirzoza*, I begin to believe that your highness will find it a difficult task to light on a virtuous woman.

I told you so, answered *Mangogul*; but let us not be over hasty: you may one time or other upbraid me with being indebted to your want of patience for a declaration, which I pretend to owe entirely to the trials of my ring. I have some in my mind, which will astonish you. All secrets
 are

are not yet unveiled ; and I expect to draw more important discoveries from those Toys, which remain to be consulted.

Mirzoza was in perpetual apprehensions for her own. *Mangogul's* discourse threw her into such uneasiness, as she was not able to conceal from him : but the Sultan, who had bound himself by an oath, and in his heart had a regard for religion, used his best endeavours to calm her mind, gave her some very tender kisses, and went to his council, whither affairs of moment called him.

CHAP.



C H A P. XXIV.

*Eleventh trial of the Ring.**The PENSIONS.*

*C*ongo had been disturbed by bloody wars in the reigns of *Kanaglou* and *Erguebzed*; and those two monarchs had immortalized themselves by the conquests they had made over their neighbours. The emperors of *Abex* and *Angola* look'd on the youth of *Mangogul* and the begining of his reign, as favourable conjunctures to recover the provinces that had been taken from them. Wherefore they declared war against *Congo*, and attacked it on every side. *Mangogul* had the best council in all *Africa*: and old *Sambuco* and the Emir *Mirzala*, who were train'd up in the former wars, were

were placed at the head of the troops, gain'd victories on victories, and formed generals capable of succeeding them; an advantage of greater importance than even their successes.

Thanks to the activity of the council, and the good conduct of the generals, the enemy, who thought themselves sure of overcoming the empire, did not advance as far as the frontiers, made a poor defence of their own, and saw their fortified towns and provinces ravaged. But, such constant and glorious successes notwithstanding, *Congo* grew weaker by aggrandizing itself: the frequent raising of troops unpeopled the towns and country: and the treasury was exhausted.

The sieges and battles had cost a vast number of lives: the grand Visier, very lavish of the blood of the soldiery, was accused of having hazarded battles that tended to nothing.

Every

Every family was in mourning: not one, but wept a father, a brother, or a friend. The number of officers slain was prodigious; and could be compared to naught but their wives, who solicited pensions. The closets of the ministers were beset with them. They pestered the Sultan himself with petitions, in which the merit and services of the deceased, the grief of their widows, the dismal condition of their children, and other moving motives were not forgotten. Nothing seemed more equitable than their requests: but on what fund to ground pensions which amounted to millions?

The ministers, after having exhausted speeches, and sometimes peevishness and rough language, were obliged to deliberate on the means of bringing this affair to a final issue: but they had an excellent reason for concluding

cluding nothing : there was not a penny left.

Mangogul, tired with the false reasonings of his ministers and the lamentations of the widows, hit upon the expedient, which his ministry had been so long hunting after. “Gentlemen, said he to his council, I am of opinion that, before any pensions are granted, it would be proper to examine if they are lawfully due.” This examination, answered the great Seneschal, will be immense, and of prodigious discussion. Yet how to resist the clamors and persecution of these women, by whom you, sir, are particularly teased ? “It will not be as difficult a task as you imagine, Mr. Seneschal, replied the Sultan ; and I promise you that by to morrow noon the whole affair shall be terminated, by the laws of the strictest equity. Do you only bring them

K

“ to

“ to my audience chamber by nine in
 “ the morning.

The council broke up, the Seneschal went into his office, pondered profoundly, and drew up the following proclamation ; which in three hours time was printed, published by sound of trumpet, and fixed up at all the most public places of *Banza*.

By the Sultan's most excellent majesty,
 and my lord the grand Seneschal,

We Gander-beak, grand Seneschal of *Congo*, visir of the first bench, train-bearer to the great *Manimonbanda*, chief and super-intendant of the sweepers of the divan, give notice, that to-morrow morning at nine of the clock, the magnanimous Sultan will give audience to the widows of the officers slain in his service, in order to decree, on sight of their pre-
 ten-

tensions, what to him shall seem meet.
 Given at our office the twelfth of
 the moon of Regeb, in the year
 1472000000009.

All the distressed women of *Congo*,
 and a great number of them there
 was, did not fail to read the procla-
 mation, or to send their footmen to
 read it; and less still to be at the ap-
 pointed hour, in the lobby of the
 audience chamber. “ In order to
 “ avoid a crowd, let no more enter,
 “ said the Sultan, than six of these
 “ ladies at once. When we have
 “ heard them, let them pass thro’
 “ the back door, which leads to the
 “ outward courts. You, gentlemen,
 “ be attentive, and pronounce on their
 “ demands.”

This said, he made a signal to the
 first gentleman usher of the audiences;
 and the six, who happen’d to be next
 the door, were introduced. They

entered in long mourning robes, and made low reverences to his highness. *Mangogul* addressed the youngest and handsomest of them, whose name was *Isec*. “ Madam, said he, how long “ is it since you have lost your husband ? ” Three months, answered *Isec* weeping. He was lieutenant general in your highness’s service. He was kill’d in the last battle, and six children are the only legacy he left me — “ He left you, interrupted a “ voice, which, tho’ issuing from “ *Isec*, was not exactly in the same “ tone with her’s ? Madam knows “ better than she says. They were “ all begun and finished by a young “ *Bramin*, who daily came to comfort her, while my master was in “ the field.”

’Tis easy to guess, whence proceeded the indiscreet voice, which pronounced this answer. Poor *Isec*, being

ing put out of countenance, grew pale, trembled, fainted. “ Madam is subject to the vapors, said *Mangogul* with an air of tranquillity : let her be carried into an apartment of the Seraglio, and be taken care of.” Then immediately addressing *Phenice* : “ Madam, said he, was not your husband a Pacha?” Yes, sir, answered *Phenice* in a trembling voice. “ And how have you lost him ?” Sir, he died in his bed, quite exhausted with the fatigues of the last campaign — “ With the fatigues of the last campaign, replied *Phenice’s* Toy. Go, madam, your husband brought a firm and vigorous state of health from the camp ; and he would still enjoy it, had not two or three scoundrel players, — you understand me, take care of yourself.” Write, says the Sultan, that *Phenice* demands

a pension, for the good services, which she has rendered to the state and her husband.

A third was interrogated on her husband's age and name, who was said to have died in the army of the small-pox. Of the small pox, said the Toy, a fine story indeed: say, madam, of two good strokes of a scymeter which he received from the *Sangiac Cavaglio*, because he took it ill, that his eldest son was said to be as like the *Sangiac*, as one egg is to another: and madam knows as well as I, added the Toy, that a likeness was never better grounded.

The fourth was going to speak without being interrogated by *Mangogul*, when her Toy was heard to cry out from the lower regions, that these ten years past, which the war had lasted, she had made pretty good use of her time; that two pages
and

and a huge scoundrel of a footman had supplied her husband's place ; and that without doubt she designed the pension, which she was soliciting, for keeping an actor of the comic opera.

A fifth step forward with intrepidity, and with an air of confidence demanded the reward of her late husband's services, who was an aga of the Janissaries, and lost his life under the walls of *Matatras*. The Sultan turn'd his ring on her, but to no purpose. Her Toy was mute. I must own, says the *African* author, who had seen her, that she was so ugly, that the by-standers would be astonished, if her Toy had any thing to say.

Mangogul was got to the sixth, and here are the express words of her Toy.

“ Truly, it well becomes madam,

“ meaning her, whose Toy was obsti-

“ nately silent, to sollicite pensions,
 “ while she lives upon the poule,
 “ keeps a breland table which brings
 “ her in three thousand sequins a
 “ year, makes private suppers at the
 “ expence of the gamesters, and re-
 “ ceived six hundred sequins from
 “ *Osman*, to draw me to one of these
 “ suppers, where the treacherous *Os-*
 “ *man*” —————

Due regard shall be paid to your
 petitions, ladies, said the Sultan: for
 the present ye may withdraw. Then
 directing his words to his counsellors,
 he ask'd them, if it did not seem ri-
 diculous to them to grant pensions to
 a herd of little bastards of *Bramins*
 and others, and to women whose em-
 ployment it was to dishonor brave
 men, who had enter'd into his ser-
 vice in quest of glory, at the expence
 of their lives.

The

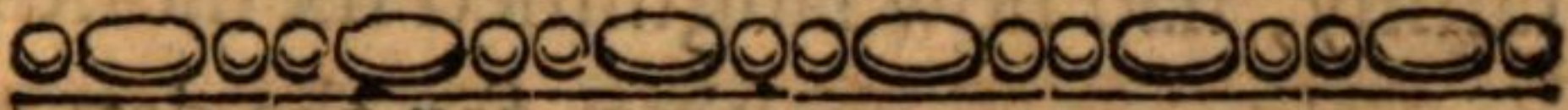
The Seneschal stood up, answered, declaimed, resumed, and gave his opinion obscurely as usual. While he was yet speaking, *Isec* recovered from her fit, quite enraged at her adventure; and, as she expected no pension for herself, and would run distracted, if any other obtain'd one, which would have happened in all likelihood, she went directly into the antichamber, and whispered to two or three of her female friends, that they were summoned thither purely to hear their Toys chatter; that she herself heard one deliver horrid things in the audience chamber; that she would not name it for the world; but that they must be fools, to expose themselves to the same danger.

This advice passed from hand to hand, and dispersed the crowd of widows. When the gentleman usher opened the door to let in a second

parcel, not one was there. “ Well,
 “ Senefchal, will you believe me ano-
 “ ther time, said *Mangogul* inform-
 “ ed of the desertion, to the good
 “ man, clapping him on the shoul-
 “ der? I promised to rid you of these
 “ female weepers, and I have done
 “ it. Yet they were very assiduous
 “ in making court to you, notwith-
 “ standing your fourscore and fifteen
 “ years of age. But whatever pre-
 “ tensions you may possibly have :
 “ for I am not ignorant of the faci-
 “ lity you had to form pretensions
 “ on these ladies, I fancy you are
 “ obliged to me for their retreat.
 “ They gave you more embarras than
 “ pleasure.”

The *African* author informs us,
 that the remembrance of this trial is
 kept up in *Congo* ; and for that rea-
 son it is, that the government is so
 sparing of granting pensions : but this
 was

was not the only good effect of *Cucufa's* ring, as we shall see in the following chapter.



C H A P. XXV.

Twelfth Trial of the Ring.

A L A W C A S E.

RAPES were severely punished in *Congo*: and there happened a most notorious one in *Mangogul's* reign. This prince, at his accession to the crown, had sworn, like all his predecessors, never to grant a pardon for that crime: but be laws ever so severe, they seldom curb those, whom a considerable advantage urges to infringe them. The criminal was condemned to lose that part of him, by which he had sinned; a cruel operation, of which he generally died;

as the person who performed it, used less precaution than *B——*ll.

Kersael, a young man of a good family, had now languished six months in a dungeon, waiting for the day of execution. *Fatme*, a young pretty woman, was his *Lucretia* and accuser. Every body knew, that they had been very well together : *Fatme's* indulgent husband took no exceptions against it : therefore it would be ungenteel in the public to intermeddle in their affairs.

After an undisturbed commerce of two years, whether thro' inconstancy or disgust, *Kersael* took to a dancer at the opera of *Banza*, and grew cold towards *Fatme*, yet without coming to an open rupture. He resolved to make a decent retreat ; which obliged him to continue his visits in the house. *Fatme* enraged for being thus forsaken, meditated revenge, and made use of
this

this remnant of his affiduities to destroy her unfaithful lover.

One day, that the convenient husband had left them *tete à tete*, and that *Kersael*, having ungirt his scymeter, was endeavouring to allay *Fatme's* suspicions by protestations, which cost nothing to lovers, but never surprize the credulity of a jealous woman; she assumed an affrighted air, and having tore her dress at five or six pulls, shriek'd out horridly, and call'd to her husband and domestics for help; who ran immediately, and became witnesses to the injury, which *Fatme* said she received from *Kersael*; and shewing the scymeter, added: "This
 " the infamous villain lifted at my
 " head ten times to make me submit
 " to his will."

The young man, struck dumb at the blackness of the accusation, had not power either to answer or make
 his

his escape. He was seiz'd, dragg'd to prison, and deliver'd up to justice and the prosecution of the Cadilefker.

The laws ordained that *Fatme* should be visited. Accordingly she was ; and the report of the matrons proved very unfavourable to the accused. They had an original standard, by which they could determine the condition of a violated woman ; and every circumstance concurred against *Kersael*. The judges examined him, *Fatme* was confronted with him, and the evidence was heard. In vain did he plead innocence, deny the fact, and demonstrate by the commerce which he held with his accuser above two years, that she was not a woman to be ravished. The circumstance of the scymeter, the *tete à tete* solitude, *Kersael's* confusion at the sight of the husband and domestics ; taken all together formed, in the opinion of the judges,

judges, violent presumptions. *Fatme* on her side, far from owning that she had granted him favors, would not even allow that she gave him the least glimmering of hopes ; and maintain'd that her obstinate adherence to her duty, from which she had never flinch'd, was without doubt what urged *Kersael* to acquire by force, what he despair'd obtaining by craft. The verbal process drawn up by the commissaries was another terrible piece. Nothing more was requisite, than to run it over, and compare it with the articles of the *Criminal Code*, to read unhappy *Kersael's* condemnation therein. He lost all expectations of life either by his defence, or the credit of his family ; the magistrates had fixed the definitive sentence to the thirteenth of the month of Rebeg : and this was even published by sound of trumpet, according to custom.

This

This affair became the topic of conversations, and people were divided upon it for a good while. Some old hags, who had always been very safe from any apprehensions of a rape, ran about crying : “ That *Kersael’s* “ attack was enormous ; that unless “ a severe example were made of “ him, innocence would be no long- “ er in security ; and that an honest “ woman would be exposed to insults, “ even at the horns of the Altar.” Then they cited instances of little impertinent puppies having attack’d the virtue of several respectable ladies : and the circumstances left no room to doubt, but that those respectable ladies mentioned by them were themselves : and all these speeches were made to *Bramins* less innocent than *Kersael*, and by devotes as chaste as *Fatme*, by way of edifying conversations.

The

The *Petits-Maitres* on the contrary, and even some *Petites-Maitresses*, asserted that a rape was a chimæra, that a woman never surrendered but by capitulation ; and that, if a fort was defended, tho' ever so little, it was absolutely impossible to take it by storm. Examples were alledged in support of this reasoning : the women knew some ; the *Petits-Maitres* invented others ; and there was no end of quoting instances of women, who had not been ravished. “ Poor *Kersael*, said they, what the devil had he “ in his head, to take to little *Bimbreloqua*, which was the dancer’s “ name, why did he not stick to “ *Fatme* ? They were extremely well “ together, and the husband left them “ at full liberty : what a blessing—— “ Those witches the matrons put on “ their spectacles to no purpose, for “ they saw nothing. And indeed, “ who

“ who is the person that can see clear
 “ in that place? And besides, the
 “ senators are going to deprive him of
 “ his joy, for having burst an open
 “ door. The poor lad will die of it,
 “ no doubt. After that, pray con-
 “ sider, what will not dissatisfied wo-
 “ men be authorized to do.——If
 “ this execution takes place, inter-
 “ rupted another, I will make myself
 “ a free mason.”

Mirzoza, naturally compassionate,
 remonstrated to *Mangogul*, who was
 joking her on *Kersael's* case, that if
 the laws spoke against *Kersael*, good
 sense deposed against *Fatme*. “ More-
 “ over, added she, it has never been
 “ heard, that, in a wise government,
 “ the letter of the law should be so
 “ closely adhered to, that the simple
 “ allegation of a female accuser should
 “ be sufficient to endanger the life of
 “ a subject. The reality of a rape
 “ can-

“ cannot be too clearly proved ; and
 “ you will allow, Sir, that this fact is
 “ as much at least within the province
 “ of your ring as of your senators.
 “ It would be very singular, that the
 “ matrons should be more knowing
 “ on this head than the Toys them-
 “ selves. Hitherto your highness’s
 “ ring has done little more than sa-
 “ tisfy your curiosity. Might not
 “ the Genius, from whom you had it,
 “ have intended some more important
 “ end ? If you employ it for the dis-
 “ covery of truth, and the happiness
 “ of your subjects, can you think
 “ the Genius will be offended ? Try.
 “ You are in possession of an infallible
 “ method of drawing from *Fatme* a
 “ confession of her crime, or a proof
 “ of her innocence.” You are in
 the right, replied *Mangogul*, and
 you shall be satisfied.

The

The Sultan departed immediately : and indeed there was no time to lose : for it was the night of the twelfth of the moon Rebeg, and the senate was to pronounce sentence on the thirteenth. *Fatme* was just got into bed, the curtains were not quite closed. A night taper threw a dull light on her countenance. The Sultan thought her beautiful, notwithstanding the violent commotions which disfigured her. Compassion and hatred, grief and revenge, audaciousness and shame were painted in her eyes, according as they succeeded each other in her heart. She uttered deep sighs, shed tears, wiped them off, shed fresh ones, remained some moments with her head drooping and eyes dejected, then suddenly raised them, and darted furious looks towards the heavens. What was *Mangogul* doing all this time ? He was talking to himself, and saying,

saying. “ These are the symptoms
 “ of despair. Her former tender-
 “ nefs for *Kersael* has revived in all
 “ its violence. She has loft fight of
 “ the offence he committed, and has
 “ nothing in view but the punishment
 “ referved for her lover.” As foon
 as he had finifhed thefe words, he
 turned the fatal ring on *Fatme*, and
 her Toy cried out with vehemence.

“ Twelve hours more, and we
 “ fhall be revenged. The treache-
 “ rous ingrateful man fhall perish,
 “ and his blood fhall be fhed.” *Fat-*
me affrighted at the extraordinary mo-
 tion which fhe felt within her, and
 fhock’d at the buzzing voice of her
 Toy, clapt both hands on it, and put
 herfelf upon duty to ftop its mouth.
 But the powerful ring continued to
 act, and the ungovernable Toy break-
 ing thro’ every obftacle, added :
 “ Yes, we fhall be revenged. O !
 “ thou

“ thou who hast betray’d me, wretch-
 “ ed *Kersael*, dye, and thou, whom he
 “ has preferred to me, O *Bim-*
 “ *breloqua*, despair ! — Twelve
 “ hours more ! Alas ! how tedi-
 “ ous will this time appear to me.
 “ Hasten, sweet moments, when I
 “ shall see the treacherous, the in-
 “ grateful *Kersael* under the execu-
 “ tioner’s knife, his blood trickling
 “ down — Ah ! Wretch, what have
 “ I said ? Can I without horror see
 “ the dearest object of my love pe-
 “ rish ? Can I see the fatal weapon
 “ lifted up ? — Ah ! far from me
 “ this cruel thought. — He hates me,
 “ ’tis true ; he has quitted me for
 “ *Bimbrelouqua*, but perhaps some time
 “ or other — why do I say, per-
 “ haps ? Love will certainly recall him
 “ under my yoke. That little *Bim-*
 “ *breloqua* is a fancy that will fly off ;
 “ he must sooner or later be sensible of
 “ the

“ the injustice of his preference, and the
 “ ridiculoufness of his new choice.
 “ Comfort thyself, *Fatme*, thou shalt see
 “ thy *Kersael* again. Yes, thou shalt see
 “ him again. Arise quickly, run, fly
 “ to remove the dreadful danger which
 “ threatens him. Dost thou not tremble
 “ to come too late? — But whither
 “ shall I run, mean wretch that I am.
 “ Does not *Kersael*’s disdain foretel me,
 “ that he has abandoned me for ever.
 “ *Bimbrelouqua* enjoys him, and ’tis for
 “ her that I was going to save him: ah!
 “ let him rather dye a thousand deaths.
 “ If he lives no more for me, why
 “ should I be concerned for his death?
 “ — Yes, I am now convinced that my
 “ wrath is just. The ingrateful *Kersael*
 “ has deserved all my hatred. I no
 “ longer have any remorse. I had done
 “ every thing to keep him, I will do
 “ every thing to destroy him. Yet one
 “ day later, and my revenge was disap-
 “ pointed.

“ pointed. But his evil genius deliver-
 “ ed him up to me, the very moment
 “ that he thought to escape me. He is
 “ fallen into the snare which I laid for
 “ him. I have him fast. The appoint-
 “ ment, to which I contrived to bring
 “ thee, was the last which thou in-
 “ tendedst for me: but thou wilt not
 “ so soon forget it. — With what ad-
 “ drefs did you bring him to your
 “ beck? *Fatme*, how well concerted
 “ was your disorder? Your shrieks, your
 “ grief, your tears, your confusion, eve-
 “ ry thing, even to your silence, has
 “ ruin’d *Kersael*. Nothing can snatch
 “ him from his impending fate. *Ker-*
 “ *sael* is dead — You weep, wretched
 “ woman. He loved another, of what
 “ consequence is his life to you.”

Mangogul, filled with horror at this
 discourse, turned off his ring; and
 while *Fatme* was recruiting her spirits,
 he flew back to the Sultana. “ Well,
 “ prince,

“ prince, said she, what have you
 “ heard? Is *Kersael* still guilty, and
 “ the chaste *Fatme*” — I beseech you
 to excuse me, answered the Sultan,
 from repeating the abominations which
 I come from hearing. How an ex-
 asperated woman is to be dreaded!
 Who could believe, that a body form-
 ed by the graces, sometimes enclosed
 a heart molded the furies? But the
 sun shall not set to-morrow on my
 dominions, before they be purged of
 a monster more dangerous than those
 which are produced in my deserts.

The Sultan immediately sent for
 the Seneschal, and commanded him
 to seize *Fatme*, to remove *Kersael* in-
 to one of the apartments of the se-
 raglio, and to inform the Senate, that
 he reserved to himself the cognizance
 of his affair. His orders were exe-
 cuted that very night.

L

The

The next morning at dawn of day, the Sultan attended by the Seneschal and an Effendi, went to *Mirzoza's* apartment, and had *Fatme* brought thither. This unfortunate woman threw herself at *Mangogul's* feet, confessed her crime with all its circumstances, and conjured *Mirzoza* to intercede for her. Mean while *Kersael* was conducted in. He expected nothing but death: however he made his appearance with that composed assurance, which innocence alone can give. Some ill-natured wags said, that he would be in greater consternation, if what he was threaten'd to lose, was worth preserving. The women were upon the tenters to know the issue. He prostrated himself respectfully before his highness. *Mangogul* made him a signal to arise, and giving him his hand, "You are innocent, said he, be free. Ren-
 2 " der

“ der thanks to *Brama* for your pre-
 “ servation. In order to make amends
 “ for the misery you have suffered,
 “ I grant you a pension of two
 “ thousand sequins on my exchequer,
 “ and the first commandery that
 “ shall fall in the order of the Cro-
 “ codile.”

The more favors were bestowed on
Kersael, the more *Fatme* dreaded pu-
 nishment. The great Seneschal gave
 his opinion for death, grounded up-
 on the law: *Si fœmina ff. de vi C.*
calumniatrix. The Sultan was inclin-
 ed for perpetual imprisonment. *Mir-*
zoza finding too much rigor in one
 of these judgments, and too much
 indulgence in the other, condemned
Fatme's Toy to the padlock. The
 Florentine machine was publickly
 clapt on, upon the same scaffold that
 had been erected for *Kersael's* execu-
 tion. Thence she was conducted to

a house of correction, together with the matrons who had given their decisive opinions with so much knowledge.



CHAP. XXVI.

Mirzoza's Metaphysics.

The SOULS.

WHILE *Mangogul* was interrogating the Toys of *Haria*, the widows, and *Fatme*, *Mirzoza* had full time to prepare her philosophical lecture. One evening, that the *Manimonbanda* was performing her devotions, that there was neither play nor drawing room at court, and that the favorite was almost certain of a visit from the Sultan; she took two black petticoats, put one on in the usual manner, and the other over her shoulders,

ders, passed her hands thro' the two flits, put on the peruke of *Mangogul's* Seneschal, and his chaplain's square cap; and thought herself equipped as a philosopher, whereas she had disguised herself into a bat.

In this masquerade dress, she walked up and down her apartments, as a professor of the royal college waiting for his scholars. She affected even to the gloomy pensive physiognomy of a learned man in meditation. *Mirzoza* did not hold this forced gravity long. The Sultan entered with some of his courtiers, and made a low bow to the new philosopher; whose gravity disconcerted her audience, and was in its turn disconcerted by the loud laughter it occasioned. “Madam, said *Mangogul*, “have you not advantage enough by “your wit and figure, without taking “the robe to your aid? without

“ which your words would have all
 “ the weight that you could have
 “ desired.” It seems to me, fir, answered *Mirzoza*, that you do not
 much respect this robe, and that a
 disciple should pay more regard to
 what constitutes half the merit at least
 of his master. “ I perceive, replied
 “ the Sultan, that you have already
 “ acquired the spirit and tone of your
 “ new condition. I make no doubt
 “ at present, but your capacity an-
 “ swers to the dignity of your dress,
 “ and I impatiently expect a proof of
 “ it.” — You shall be satisfied this
 minute, said *Mirzoza*, sitting down
 in the center of a large carpet. The
 Sultan and courtiers placed themselves
 around her, and she began.

Have the philosophers, who pre-
 sided over your highness's education,
 ever entertain'd you on the nature of
 the soul? Oh! very often, said *Man-
 gogul*;

gogul; but all their systems had no other end, but giving me uncertain notions of it; and were it not for an inward sentiment, which seems to suggest to me, that it is a substance different from matter, I should either have denied its existence, or confounded it with the body. Would you undertake to clear up this chaos?

So far from it, replied *Mirzoza*, that I am not farther advanced on that head than your pedagogues. The only difference between them and me, is that I suppose the existence of a substance different from matter, and that they hold it demonstrated. But this substance, if it exists, must be lodged somewhere. Have they not preached many extravagances to you on that article?

No, said *Mangogul*: they all pretty generally agreed, that it resides in

the head ; and this opinion to me seemed probable. 'Tis the head that thinks, imagines, reflects, judges, disposes, commands ; and we say every day of a man who does not think, that he has no brains, or that he wants a head.

Well then, replied the Sultana, the result of your long studies and of all your philosophy, is, to suppose a fact, and to ground it on popular expressions. Prince, what would you say of your first geographer, if he presented your highness with a map of your dominions, in which he had put the east in the west, and the north in the south ?

That is too gross an error, answered *Mangogul*, for any geographer to have ever committed.

That may be, continued the favorite ; and in the case before us, your philosophers are greater bunglers, than

than the most bungling geographer can be. They had not a vast empire to survey; the business was not to fix the limits of the four parts of the world: all they had to do, was to enter into themselves, and there mark the true seat of their soul. Yet they have placed the east in the west, and the south in the north. They have pronounced that the soul is in the head, whereas the greatest part of mankind dye, without it's ever inhabiting that apartment; and its first residence is in the feet.

In the feet, interrupted the Sultan! That is the most empty notion that I have ever heard.

Yes, in the feet, replied *Mirzoza*, and this opinion, which to you seems so silly, will, upon thoroughly examining it, become rational; contrary to all those, which you allow as true, and which upon a thorough examina-

tion are found to be false. Your highness agreed with me just now, that the existence of our soul was founded on the interior testimony alone, which it bore to itself ; and I will now demonstrate, that all the proofs imaginable of sense concur to fix the soul in the seat which I have assigned it.

There we expect you, said *Mangogul*.

I desire no favor, continued she ; and I invite ye all to propose your difficulties. Well then, I was saying that the soul takes up its first residence in the feet, that there it begins to exist, and from the feet it advances into the body. To experience I appeal for this fact ; and perhaps I am going to lay the first foundations of experimental metaphysics.

We have all experienced in our infancy, that the benumbed soul remains

mains whole months in a state of sleepiness. At that time the eyes open without seeing, the mouth without speaking, and the ears without hearing. 'Tis elsewhere that the soul endeavours to stretch itself and awake ; 'tis in other members that she practises her first functions. 'Tis by the feet that a child gives notice of his formation. His body, head and arms are immoveable in the mother's womb ; but his feet unfold and extend themselves, and give proofs of his existence, and perhaps of his exigences. When he is on the point of birth, what would become of his head, body and arms ? They would never come out of their confinement, had they not been assisted by the feet : here the feet act the principal part, and drive the rest of the body before them. Such is the order of nature ; and whenever any other mem-

ber attempts to lead the van ; when the head, for example, takes the place of the feet ; every thing goes wrong, and God knows what is the consequence sometimes, both to the mother and the child.

Is the child born? 'tis still in the feet that the chief motions are performed. We are obliged to confine them : and this is never done without some reluctance on their part. The head is a block, with which we do what we will ; but the feet are sensible of, shake off the yoke, and seem jealous of the liberty, of which they are deprived.

Is the child able to stand alone ? the feet make a thousand efforts to move ; they put every thing into action : they command the other members, and the obedient hands lean against the walls, and advance forward

ward to prevent or break the falls, and facilitate the action of the feet.

Whither do all the thoughts of a child tend, what are his pleasures, when, secure on his legs, his feet have acquired the habit of moving? To exercise them, to go to and fro', to run, to leap, to bounce. This turbulence pleases us, we take it for a mark of sense; and we predict the future stupidity of the child, when we see him indolent and sullen. Have you a mind to vex a child of four years old? make him sit down for a quarter of an hour, or imprison him between four chairs: he will grow peevish and ill-humor'd: for 'tis not his legs alone that you deprive of exercise, 'tis his soul that you hold in captivity.

The soul remains in the feet to the age of two or three years; at four it inhabits the legs; it gets up to the knees

knees and thighs at fifteen. Then we love dancing, fencing, riding, and the other violent bodily exercises. This is the predominant passion of all young folks, and the madness of some. What ! does not the soul reside in those places, where she almost only manifests herself, and where she feels the most agreeable sensations ? But if her residence varies in infancy and youth, why should it not vary thro' every stage of life ?

Mirzoza pronounced this discourse with such rapidity as made her pant. *Selim*, one of the Sultan's favorites, embraced the moment while she was taking breath, and said to her :
 “ Madam, I will make use of the
 “ liberty you have granted the com-
 “ pany, of proposing their objec-
 “ tions. Your system is ingenious,
 “ and you have delivered it with
 “ equal grace and clearness : but I
 “ am

“ am not so far seduced by it, as to
 “ think it stands demonstrated. Me-
 “ thinks one may say, that even in
 “ infancy ’tis the head that commands
 “ the feet, and from thence the spi-
 “ rits flow, which, by means of the
 “ nerves, running into all the mem-
 “ bers, stop or move them at the
 “ will of the soul seated on the pi-
 “Neal gland: just as we see his
 “ highness’s orders issuing from the
 “ sublime Porte, which set all his
 “ subjects in action.”

Doubtless, replied *Mirzoza*, but
 one would tell me a very obscure
 thing; to which I should give no
 other answer than by an experienced
 fact. In infancy we have no certain-
 ty that the head thinks; and even
 you, my lord, who have so good an
 one, and who in your tender years
 passed for a prodigy of reason, do
 you remember that you thought at
 that

that time ? But you might well assert, that when you gamboled about like a little Dæmon, so as to drive your governors out of their wits, your feet then governed your head.

“ That proves nothing, said the Sultan. *Selim* was lively, and so are a thousand other children. They do not reflect, but they think : time slips away, the remembrance of things wears out, and they remember not that they thought.”

But by what part did they think, replied *Mirzoza* : for that is the point in dispute ?

“ By the head, answered *Selim*.”

What ! always this head, into which one cannot peep, replied the Sultana. Pray, drop your dark lanthorn, in which you suppose a light, that is seen by none but by him who carries it : hear my experiment, and own the truth of my hypothesis. It is so constantly

stantly true, that the soul begins its progress in the body by the feet, that there are some of both sexes, in whom it never rose higher. My lord, you have admired *Nini's* nimbleness and *Saligo's* feats of activity a thousand times : answer me then sincerely, do you think that these creatures have their souls any where else but in their legs ? And have you not remarked, that in *Volucer* and *Zelindor* the head is submissive to the feet ? The eternal temptation of a dancer is to contemplate his legs. At every step his attentive eye follows his paces, and his head bows respectfully before his feet, as do before his highness his invincible Pacha's.

“ I allow the observation, said *Selim* : but I deny that it is a general
“ one”.

Nor do I pretend, replied *Mirzoza*, that the soul always fixes in the
feet :

feet : she advances, she travels, she quits a part, returns to it, and quits it again ; but I maintain that the other members are subordinate to that which she inhabits. All this varies according to the age, temper and circumstances ; and thence arises the difference of tastes, the diversity of inclinations and characters. Do you not admire the fecundity of my principle ? And is not its certainty evinced by the number of phænomena, to which it extends ?

Madam, answered *Selim*, if you applied it to some in particular, perhaps it might give us a degree of conviction, which we have not yet acquired.

Most willingly, replied *Mirzoza*, who began to be sensible of the advantages she gain'd : you shall be satisfied, only follow the chain of my notions. I do not pretend to make
ar-

arguments in form. I speak from my heart ; this is the philosophy of our sex, and you understand it almost as well as we. It is probable enough, added she, that the soul occupies the feet and legs to the age of eight or ten : but about that time, or rather later, she quits that lodging, either of her own free motion, or by force. By force, when a tutor employs certain machines to drive her out of her native place, and lead her into the brain ; where she is metamorphosed generally into memory, and seldom or never into judgment. This is the fate of school-boys. In like manner, if a weak governant labours hard to form a young girl, stuffs her mind with knowledge, and neglects the heart and morals ; the soul rapidly flies towards the head, stops on the tongue, or fixes in the eyes ; and her scholar is but a tiresome pratler, or a coquet. Thus

Thus the voluptuous woman is she whose soul occupies her Toy, and never strays from it.

The woman of gallantry, she whose soul is sometimes in her Toy, and sometimes in her eyes.

The affectionate woman, she whose soul is habitually in the heart, but sometimes also in her Toy.

The virtuous woman, she whose soul is sometimes in her head, sometimes in her heart, but never any where else.

If the soul fixes in the heart, she forms the characters of sensibility, compassion, truth, generosity. If she quits the heart without returning thither, and retires to the head; then she forms those whom we call hard-hearted, ungrateful, deceitful, cruel men.

The class of those, in whom the soul visits the head merely as a country-house,

try-house, where its stay is short, is very numerous. It is composed of *Petits Maitres*, coquets, musicians, poets, romancers, courtiers, and all those who are called pretty women. Listen to the reasoning of these entities, and you will instantly discern vagabond souls, which are influenced by the different climes they inhabit.

“ If that be the case, said *Selim*,
 “ nature has formed many useless
 “ things. And yet our sages hold as
 “ a constant maxim, that she has
 “ produced nothing in vain.”

Drop your sages and their lofty expressions, answered *Mirzoza*; and as to nature, let us consider her with the eyes of experience only, and we shall learn from her, that she has placed the soul in the body of man, as in a spacious palace, of which she does not always occupy the most beautiful
 ap-

apartment. The head and heart are principally destined for her, as the center of virtue, and the residence of truth : but most commonly she stops on the road, and prefers a garret, a suspicious place, a miserable inn, where she drops asleep in perpetual drunkenness. Ah ! If I were allowed for twenty-four hours only, to settle the world according to my fancy, I would divert you with a very strange sight : in a moment I would deprive each soul of the superfluous parts of its habitation ; and you would see each individual characterised by the part left him. Thus dancers would be reduced to two feet, or two legs at most ; fingers to a throat ; most women to a Toy ; hero's and prize-fighters to an armed hand ; certain learned men to a skull without brains ; a female gamester should be stunted to two hands incessantly shuffling the cards ;

a glutton to two jaws always in motion ; a coquet to two eyes ; a rake to the sole instrument of his passion ; the ignorant and lazy to nothing.

If you leave the women any hands at all, interrupted the Sultan, those men whom you would reduce to the sole instrument of their passions, would be pursued. This chase would be a pleasant sight : and if the sex was as greedy of this game every where else as in *Congo*, the species would soon be extinct.

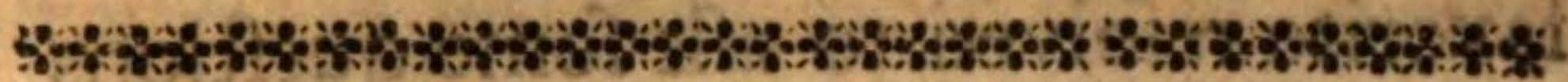
“ But, said *Selim* to the favorite,
 “ of what would you compose affection-
 “ nate and sensible women, constant
 “ and faithful lovers ?”

Of a heart, answered *Mirzoza* ; and I well know, added she, darting a tender glance on *Mangogul*, that, to which mine would wish to be united.

The

The Sultan could not stand against this declaration : he sprung from his seat to the favorite : the courtiers disappeared, and the new philosopher's chair became the theatre of their pleasures : he gave her repeated proofs that he was not less charmed with her sentiments than with her discourse ; and the philosophic equipage was thrown into disorder. *Mirzoza* return'd the black petticoats to her women, sent my lord Seneschal his enormous peruke, and to Monsieur *l'Abbé* his square cap, with assurances that he should be on the list at the next nomination. What would he not have attained, if he had been a genius ? A seat in the academy was the least reward that he could expect : but unluckily he knew but two or three hundred words, and had never been able from that stock, to compass the composing of two *Ritournelles*.

C H A P.



C H A P. XXVII.

Sequel of the preceding conversation.

MAngogul was the only person that had given attention to *Mirzoza's* philosophic lecture without interrupting her ; and as he was pretty much inclined to contradict, she was astonish'd at it. “ Does the Sultan
 “ allow my system from beginning to
 “ end, said she within herself ? No,
 “ that is not probable : has he found
 “ it too bad to deign to attack it ?
 “ that may be. My notions are not
 “ the most just that have been broach'd
 “ to this day ; I grant it : but neither
 “ are they the most false ; and I am
 “ apt to think that worse have been
 “ invented.”

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In

In order to clear up this doubt, the favorite resolved to ask some questions of *Mangogul*. “ Well, prince, said she, what are your thoughts of my system ? ” It is admirable, answered the Sultan ; I find but one defect in it. “ What defect is that, replied the favorite ? ” It is, said *Mangogul*, that it is as false as false can be. Pursuant to your notions, we must all be endowed with souls : now observe, my soul’s delight, that there is not common sense in this supposition. “ I have a soul : there is an animal that acts most part of the time as if he had none ; and perhaps in reality he has none, even while he acts as if he had one. But he has a nose made like mine ; I feel that I have a soul, and that I think : therefore that animal has a soul, and thinks likewise. This

ar-

argument has been made use of above a thousand years, and it has been impertinent full as long.

“ I own, said the favorite, that it
 “ is not always evident that others
 “ think.” And add, replied *Mangogul*, that it is evident on an hundred occasions that they do not think.
 “ But in my opinion, says *Mirzoza*,
 “ it would be going a great length,
 “ to infer from thence, that they ne-
 “ ver have or ever will think. A
 “ person is not always a beast, for
 “ having been so sometimes; and
 “ your highness” —

Mirzoza, fearing to offend the Sultan, stopt short. “ Continue,
 “ madam, said *Mangogul*, I under-
 “ stand you; would you not have
 “ said, has my highness never acted
 “ the beast? I answer you, that I
 “ have now and then, and that even

“ I excused others for taking me for
 “ such : for you may easily imagine,
 “ that they did not fail so to do, tho’
 “ they dared not to speak out. ” —

Ah ! prince, cried the favorite, if
 men refused a soul to the greatest mo-
 narch upon earth, to whom could
 they allow one ?

“ Pray, forbear compliments, says
 “ *Mangogul*. I have for a moment
 “ laid down the crown and scepter. I
 “ have ceased to be Sultan, in order to
 “ be a philosopher, and I can hear
 “ and speak the truth. I believe I
 “ have given you proofs of the one ;
 “ and you have hinted to me, with-
 “ out offending me, and quite at your
 “ ease, that I have been sometimes no
 “ better than a beast. Permit me
 “ thoroughly to fulfil the duties of
 “ my new character.

“ Far from agreeing with you,
 “ con-

“ continued he, that every creature
 “ that has legs, arms, hands, eyes
 “ and ears as I have, possesses a soul
 “ like me ; I declare to you, that I
 “ am absolutely persuaded, that three
 “ fourths of the men and all the wo-
 “ men are but mere machines.”

There may possibly be as much
 truth, answered the favorite, as po-
 liteness in what you say.

“ Oh ! says the Sultan, madam
 “ seems to be angry : and why the
 “ devil do you take it into your head
 “ to philosophize, if you will not al-
 “ low one to speak the truth ? Is it in
 “ the schools that politeness is to be
 “ sought for ? I have left you full
 “ elbow-room ; pray, allow me the
 “ same, if you please. Well, then,
 “ I was saying, that ye are all beasts.”

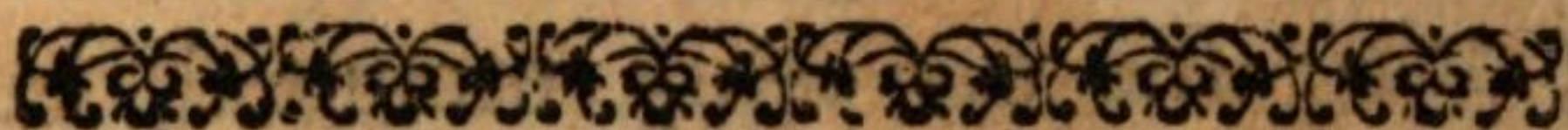
Yes, prince ; and this is what re-
 mained to be proved, added *Mirzoza*.

“ Nothing more easy, answered
 “ the Sultan.” Then he set about
 detailing all the impertinences which
 had been said over and over, with as
 little wit and delicacy as possible,
 against a sex which possesses both
 these qualities in a sovereign degree.
 Never was *Mirzoza*’s patience put to
 a greater trial ; and you would
 never be so tired in your whole life,
 as if I related all *Mangogul*’s reason-
 ings. This prince, who did not
 want good sense, was that day absurd
 beyond all comprehension : of which
 you shall be a judge. “ It is so true,
 “ by *Jupiter*, said he, that a woman
 “ is but an animal, that I’ll wager, if
 “ I turn *Cucufa*’s ring on my mare, I
 “ shall make her speak like a wo-
 “ man.”

Without doubt, answered *Mirzo-*
za, there is the strongest argument
 that has ever been, or ever will be
 made



made against us. Then she burst out into a loud fit of laughter. *Mangogul*, vexed to see no end to her laughter, went out in a hurry, resolved to try the whimsical experiment, which occur'd to his imagination.



C H A P. XXVIII.

Thirteenth trial of the Ring.

The LITTLE MARE.

I Am not a great portrait-maker. I have exempted the reader from that of the favorite Sultana ; but I can never condescend to remit him that of the Sultan's mare. She was of a middling size, and had a pretty good gait ; the chief fault found with her in that regard was, that she did not bridle her head sufficiently. Her co-

lour was white, with blue eyes, small hoofs, clean legs, firm hams, and light haunches. She had been taught to dance for a long time, and she made her bows like a master of the ceremonies. Upon the whole she was a pretty beast enough, and remarkably gentle : she was easily mounted, but one must be an excellent horseman to be able to keep the saddle. She had belong'd to the senator *Aaron* : but on a fine evening the skittish creature took fright, threw the judge, and ran full speed to the Sultan's studs, carrying with her the saddle, bridle, furniture, housings and caparisons of value ; which became her so well, that it was not thought proper to send them back.

Mangogul went into his stables, accompanied by his first secretary *Zigue-zague*. “ Listen attentively, said he, “ and

“ and write.” ——— That very instant he turn’d his ring on the mare, which fell to leaping, prancing, kicking, bouncing, and neighing under the tail. ——— “ Where are your thoughts, said the prince to his secretary, write then.” ——— Sultan, replied *Ziguezague*, I wait till your highness begins. ——— “ My mare, says *Mangogul*, will dictate to you this once, write.”

Ziguezague, whom this order reduced too low in his own opinion, assumed the liberty of representing to the Sultan, that he would always esteem it a high honour to be his secretary, but not that of his mare. “ Write, I tell you, said the Sultan “ again.” Prince, I cannot, replied *Ziguezague*: I know not the orthography of this sort of words. ———

“ Write however, said the Sultan

“ once more” ——— I am excessively mortified, to be obliged to disobey your highness, added *Ziguezague*; but——“ But you are a scoundrel, “ interrupted *Mangogul*, incensed at “ a refusal so much out of place; “ quit my palace, and never appear “ there more.”

Poor *Ziguezague* disappear'd, having learn'd by experience, that a man of spirit ought not to enter the palaces of most part of the great, without leaving his sentiments at the gate. His deputy was called. He was a *Provencal*, frank, honest, and thoroughly disinterested. He flew whither he thought his duty and fortune called him, made a low bow to the Sultan, a lower still to his mare, and wrote every thing that the beast vouchsafed to dictate.

I must beg leave to refer those, who
are

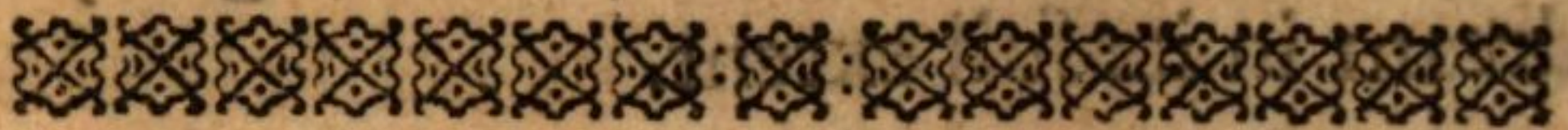
are curious to know her discourse, to the archives of *Congo*. This prince immediately ordered copies of it to be distributed among all his interpreters and professors of foreign languages, both ancient and modern. One said, that it was a scene of some old *Greek* tragedy, which to him appear'd very moving ; another, by the strength of his genius discovered, that it was an important fragment of *Egyptian* theology : a third pretended that it was the *Exordium* of *Hannibal's* funeral oration in the Punic language ; and a fourth asserted, that the piece was writ in *Chinese*, and that it was a very devout prayer to *Confucius*.

While the *Litterati* were trying the Sultan's patience with their learned conjectures, he recollected *Gulliver's* travels, and made no doubt, but that a person, who had lived so long as

this *Englishman*, in an island, where horses have a government, laws, kings, gods, priests, a religion, temples and altars, and who seemed so perfectly well instructed in their manners and customs, was a thorough master of their language. Accordingly *Gulliver* read and interpreted the mare's discourse off hand, notwithstanding the orthographical errors, with which it abounded. Nay, it is the only good translation of it in all *Congo*. *Mangogul* learned for his own private satisfaction, and for the honour of his system, that it was an historical abridgment of the amours of an old Pacha of three tails with the little mare, which had been attack'd by an infinite number of jack-asses before him : a singular anecdote, the truth of which however was not unknown, either to the Sultan, or to any other person



person at court, at *Banza*, and in the rest of the empire.



C H A P. XXIX.

The best perhaps, and the least read of this history.

Mangogul's dream, or a voyage into the region of hypotheses.

WAA, says Mangogul, yawning and rubbing his eyes, my head aches. Let nobody evermore talk philosophy to me. Such conversations are unwholesome. Last night I lay on empty ideas ; and instead of sleeping like a Sultan, my brain work'd more than those of my ministers do in a year. You laugh ; but to convince you that I do not exaggerate, and to take

take my revenge for the bad night which your reasonings gave me, I enjoin you the penance of hearing my dream in its full extent.

As soon as I began to nod, and my imagination to take its flight, I saw an odd animal bounce by my side. He had the head of an eagle, the feet of a griffon, the body of a horse, and the tail of a lion. I seized him, notwithstanding his prancing; and holding by his mane, I nimbly sprung on his back. Immediately he spread out long wings, which issued from his flanks, and I felt myself carried in the air with incredible swiftness.

After driving a vast way, I espied, in the emptiness of space, a building suspended as by enchantment. It was a vast one. I will not say that it was faulty in its foundation; for it had
none.

none. Its columns, which were not half a foot in diameter, ran up out of sight, and supported arches, which would not have been visible, were it not for the symmetrical lights made in them.

At the entrance into this edifice it was that my beast first stop'd. At first I was in a doubt whether I should alight: for I apprehended less danger in sitting on my hippogriffon, than in walking under this portico. However, encouraged by the multitude of its inhabitants, and by a remarkable security, which was predominant in their countenances, I alight, go forward, mix with the crowd, and make my observations on those that composed it.

They were old men, either bloated or feeble; without *Embonpoint* and strength, and almost all deform'd.

The

The head of one was too little; the arms of another too short. One was hump-back'd, another bandy-legg'd. Most of them had no feet, and walk'd on crutches. A breath threw them down, and they remain'd on the ground; till some new comer was pleased to lift them up. All these defects notwithstanding, they pleased at first sight. They had in their physiognomy somewhat engaging and confident. They were almost naked: for all their cloathing consisted of a small rag of stuff, which did not cover the hundredth part of their body.

I continued to pierce the crowd, and got to the foot of a rostrum, for which a cobweb served as a canopy. The boldness of this rostrum was of a piece with that of the building. To me it seemed placed on the
point

point of a needle, and to support itself there in æquilibrium. I trembled a hundred times for the person, who was in it. He was an old man, with a long beard, as wither'd and naked as any of his disciples: he had a cup full of a subtil fluid before him, into which he dipp'd a straw-pipe; then put it to his mouth, and blew bubbles to a crowd of spectators around him, who were using their utmost endeavours to drive them up to the clouds.

“Where am I, said I to myself,
 “all in confusion at these childish
 “tricks? What means this blower
 “of bubbles, and all these decrepit
 “infants employ'd in making them
 “fly about? Who will let me into
 “the secret of these things?” — Besides, the little scraps of stuff had struck me; and I observed that the
 larger

larger they were, the less those that wore them interested themselves in the bubbles. This singular remark embolden'd me to accost him, who was the least undress'd of the company.

I saw one, whose shoulders were half covered with pieces so well fitted together, that the seams were not to be seen. He walk'd forward and backward in the crowd, with very little concern for what they were doing. He had an affable air, a smiling mouth, a noble gait, a mild look; and I went directly to him, and asked him without ceremony: "Who are
 " you? Where am I? And who
 " are all these folks?" — He answered, I am *Plato*. You are in the region of hypotheses, and these folks are systematics. "But by what
 " chance, replied I, is the divine
 " *Plato* here, and what does he do
 " among

“ among these madmen ?” — Raising recruits, said he. At a distance from this Portico I have a sanctuary, whither I conduct those who abandon systems. “ And how do you employ them ?” In knowing man, practising virtue, and sacrificing to the graces — “ These are noble employments : but what mean these shreds of stuff, whereby you look more like beggars than philosophers ?” — Oh ! what a question do you propose to me, said he with a sigh, and what thoughts do you bring back to my mind ? This temple was formerly that of philosophy. Alas ! how much this place is changed ! The chair of *Socrates* was here. — “ How,” said I, interrupting him, had *Socrates* a straw, and did he blow bubbles ?” — No, no, replied *Plato*, it was not by such means that he

merited

merited of the Gods the name of the wisest of men. His constant occupation, during life, was forming heads and hearts. The secret was lost at his death. *Socrates* died, and the bright days of philosophy were no more. These pieces of stuff, which those very systematics think it an honour to wear, are scraps of his garment. Scarcely had his eyes been closed, when those, who aspired to the title of philosophers, seized his robe, and tore it in pieces. “ I understand, said I, these pieces served
 “ as tickets both to them and their
 “ long posterity.” — Who will collect these scraps, continued *Plato*, and restore us *Socrates*’s robe?

While he was uttering these words, I saw at a distance a child walking towards us in a slow but sure pace. He had a little head, slender body,
 weak

weak arms and short legs : but all these parts increased in all dimensions, according as he came forward. In the progress of his successive growth, he appear'd to me under a hundred different forms ; I saw him directing a long telescope towards the heavens, estimating the fall of bodies by means of a pendulum, determining the weight of the air by a tube fill'd with quicksilver, and discomposing light with a prism. He was now become an enormous *Colossus* : his head touch'd the heavens, his feet were lost in the abyss, and his arms reach'd from one to the other pole. With his right hand he brandish'd a torch, whose light spread a vast way in the sky, enlightened even the bottom of the waters, and penetrated into the entrails of the earth. I ask'd *Plato*, what that gigantic figure was, that was
com-

coming towards us. It is experience, said he. Scarcely had he made me this short answer, when I saw experience draw near, and the columns of the portico of hypotheses to shake, its arches to sink in, and its pavement to crack under our feet. “ Let us fly, said *Plato*, let us fly: this edifice has but a moment to stand.” At these words he departs, and I follow him. The *Colossus* arrives, strikes the portico, it tumbles down with a frightful noise, and I awake.

Ah! Prince, cried *Mirzoza*, 'tis you that ought to dream. I would indeed be very glad, that you had had a good night: but now that I know your dream, I should be very sorry that you had not dream'd it.

Madam, said *Mangogul*, I could point out nights better spent than that of this dream, which gives you so much

much pleasure ; and if I had been master of making the journey, or not ; it is very probable, that, not hoping to find you in the country of hypotheses, I should have bent my course elsewhere. And then, either I should not have the head-ach, which I actually feel, or at least I should have reason to make myself easy under it.

Prince, replied *Mirzoza*, it is to be hoped, that it will soon go off ; and that one or two experiments of your ring will rid you of it. I must try, said *Mangogul*. The conversation lasted some time longer between the Sultan and *Mirzoza* ; so that he did not quit her till eleven, when he went upon the expedition related in the following chapter.



C H A P. XXX.

Fourteenth trial of the Ring.

The MUTE TOY.

OF all the ladies, who shone at the Sultan's court, none had more charms and wit than young *Egle*, the wife of his highnesses's great cupbearer. She was of all *Mangogul's* parties, who was much taken with the chearfulness of her conversation: and as if there could be neither pleasure nor amusement without *Egle*, she was also of all the parties of the grandees of his court. Balls, public diversions, drawing rooms, feasts, private suppers, hunting

ing matches, play, every where *Egle* was invited, and every where she appear'd: it seem'd as if the taste of amusements multiplied her, according to the will of those who desired her company. Wherefore it is needless to say, that if no woman was as much sought after as *Egle*, there was none so diffused.

She had been always pursued by a crowd of lovers, and people were persuaded that she had not treated them all with severity. Whether it were inadvertence, or thorough good nature, her common politeness frequently resembled premeditated regard: and those who endeavour'd to gain her, sometimes read affection in her eyes, when she never intended more than affability. Neither caustic, nor detracting, she never open'd her mouth but to say pleasing things:

N

which

which she did with such spirit and vivacity, that on several occasions, her encomiums raised a suspicion that she had a choice to justify. Thus it appears, that those, of whom *Egle* was the ornament and delight, were unworthy of her.

It was natural to think, that a woman, in whom no fault perhaps was to be found, but an excess of goodness, ought to have no enemies. Yet she had some, and very bitter ones. The devouts of *Banza* found that she had too free an air, and somewhat too loose in her carriage; saw nothing in her conduct but a rage of worldly pleasures; inferred thence, that her morals were equivocal at least, and charitably insinuated this to all those that would hear them.

The

The court ladies did not treat *Egle* with greater tendernefs. They fufpected her intimacies, gave her gal-lants, even honored her with fome great adventures, made her a party concerned in others : they knew particulars, and quoted witneffes. “ Good, whifpered they, fhe has “ been furprized *tete à tete* with “ *Melrain* in one of the groves of “ the great park. *Egle* does not “ want wit, added they ; but *Mel-* “ *rain* has too much good fenfe to “ be amused with her fpeeches alone, “ at ten at night, in a grove. — “ You are miftaken, faid a *Petit-* “ *Maitre*, I have walked with her “ a hundred times in the dusk of “ the evening, and found my ac- “ count in it. But *a propos*, do you “ know that *Zulemar* is daily at her “ toilette ? — Doubtlefs, we know “ it,

“ it, and that she has no toilette
 “ but when her husband is in waiting
 “ at court. — Poor *Celebi*, conti-
 “ nued another, indeed his wife ad-
 “ vertises him by the aigrette and
 “ diamond buckles, which she re-
 “ ceived of the pacha *Ismael*. — Is
 “ that true, madam? — It is strict
 “ truth, I have it from her own
 “ mouth: but in the name of *Bra-*
 “ *ma* let this go no farther. *Egle*
 “ is my friend, and I should be
 “ very sorry — Alas, cried a third
 “ sorrowfully, the poor little crea-
 “ ture ruins herself very chearfully.
 “ A great pity truly. But twenty
 “ intrigues at a time, that seems ra-
 “ ther too much.”

The *Petits-Maitres* were not more
 sparing of her. One related a hunt-
 ing match, in which she and he lost
 themselves together. Another, out
 of

of respect for the sex, suppress'd the consequences of a very smart conversation he held with her at a masquerade, where he met her. A third made a panegyric on her wit and charms, and ended it by shewing her portrait, which he declared he had from the best hands. " This " portrait, said a fourth, is more " like her than that, of which she " made a present to *Jenaki*."

These stories at length came to her husband's ears. *Celebi* loved his wife, but still with such decency, that no body had the least suspicion of it. He repulsed the first reports, but they return'd to the charge from so many quarters, that he thought his friends more clear-sighted than himself: and the more liberty he had granted to *Egle*, the more he suspected that she had

abused it. Jealousy took possession of his soul. He began by cramping his wife. *Egle* bore this change of behaviour with the greater impatience, as she was conscious of her innocence. Her vivacity and the advices of her female friends, hurried her into inconsiderate deportment, which made all the appearances turn against her, and had like to cost her her life. The violent *Celebi* for some time rack'd his brain with a thousand projects of revenge, steel, poison, the fatal noose, &c. and at length resolved on a slower and more cruel punishment, by confining her to his country seat: which is death indeed to a court lady. In a word, orders are given: *Egle* is inform'd of her destiny: he is insensible to her tears and deaf to her reasons, and she is

is banish'd two hundred miles from *Banza*, to an old castle, where she is allowed no other company than two maids and four black eunuchs, who continually watch her.

Scarcely was she set out, when she was innocent. The *Petits Maitres* forgot her adventures ; the women forgave her her wit and charms, and all the world bemoaned her. *Mangogul* was apprized, from *Celebi's* own mouth, of his motives for the dreadful resolution he had taken against his wife, and seem'd to be the only person that approved it.

The wretched *Egle* had already groaned near six months under her exile, when *Kersael's* adventure happened. *Mirzoza* wish'd she might prove innocent, but durst not indulge those flattering hopes. However,

ever, she one day said to the Sultan: “ Prince, might not your
 “ ring, which has saved *Kersael’s*
 “ life, put an end to *Egle’s* ba-
 “ nishment? But I forget myself:
 “ in order to that, her Toy should
 “ be consulted; and the poor re-
 “ cluse is dying with grief two
 “ hundred miles hence.” — You
 interest yourself much, answered
Mangogul, in *Egle’s* fate. “ Yes,
 “ Prince, said *Mirzoza*; especially
 “ if she is innocent.” You shall
 have tidings of this affair within
 an hour, replied *Mangogul*. Do
 you not remember the properties of
 my ring? — At these words, he
 went into the garden, turn’d his
 ring, and in less than fifteen minutes
 was in the park of the castle wherein
Egle dwelt.

There

There he espied *Egle* alone and overwhelm'd with sorrow : her head was leaning on her hand, she was tenderly repeating her husband's name, and with her tears she was watering the green turf, on which she fate. *Mangogul* drawing near turn'd his ring on her, and *Egle's* Toy said in a mournful strain : " I love *Celebi*." The Sultan waited for the sequel ; but as it came not, he had recourse to his ring, which he rubb'd two or three times against his hat, before he levell'd it on *Egle* : but his labour was vain. The Toy repeated : " I love *Celebi*," and stop'd short. There is a very discreet Toy, said the Sultan. Let us try once more, and ply it clofer. Whereupon he gave to his ring all the energy, which it was capable of receiving, and turn'd

turn'd it nimbly on *Egle* : but her Toy continued mute. It either constantly kept silence, or broke it only by repeating these plaintive words : “ I love *Celebi*, and have “ never loved any other man.”

Mangogul, being thoroughly satisfied, returned to *Mirzoza* in fifteen minutes. “ What, Prince, said “ she, return'd already. Well, what “ have you learnt ? Do you bring “ fresh matter for our conversa- “ tions ? ” I bring nothing, answered the Sultan. What ! nothing ? — Nothing at all. I never knew a Toy so silent : I could get nothing from it but these words. “ I love “ *Celebi*, I love *Celebi*, and have “ never loved any other man.” “ Ah ! “ Prince, replied *Mirzoza* with vivacity, what do you tell me ? “ What happy news ! There is one virtu-

“ virtuous woman found at last.
 “ Will you suffer her to remain
 “ longer miserable?” No, answered
Mangogul: her banishment shall be
 at an end, but have you no apprehensions that it may be at the expence of her virtue? *Egle* is chaste, but consider, my heart’s delight, what you require of me; to re-call her to my court, in order that she may continue so: however you shall be satisfied.

The Sultan sent for *Celebi* immediately, and told him; that having made a strict inquiry into the reports spread abroad concerning *Egle*, he had found them false and calumnious, and commanded him to bring her back to court. *Celebi* obey’d, and presented his wife to *Mangogul*: she was going to throw herself at his highness’s feet, but the Sultan stopping

ping

ping her said: “ Madam, thank
 “ *Mirzoza*. Her friendship for you
 “ determined me to clear up the
 “ truth of the facts imputed to you.
 “ Continue to embellish my court;
 “ but remember that a pretty woman
 “ sometimes does herself as much
 “ mischief by acts of imprudence,
 “ as by adventures.”

The very next day *Egle* waited on
 the *Manimonbanda*, who received her
 with a smile. The *Petits-Maitres* re-
 doubled their insipidities towards her,
 and the women all ran to embrace
 and give her joy, and began again
 to tear her in pieces.

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